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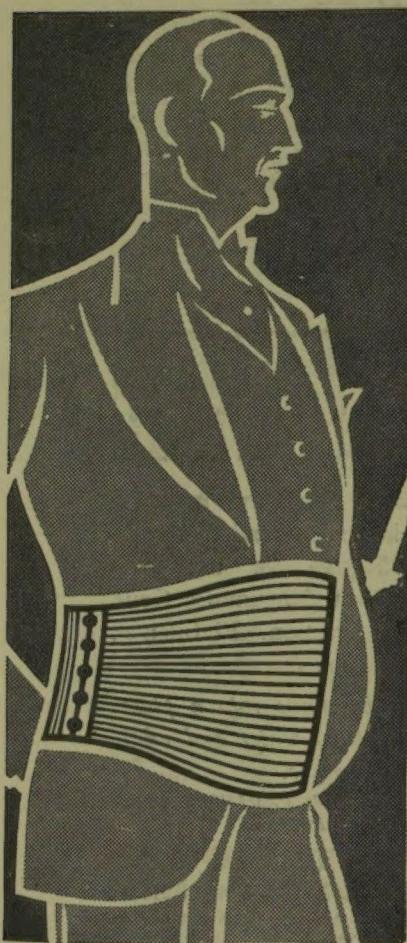
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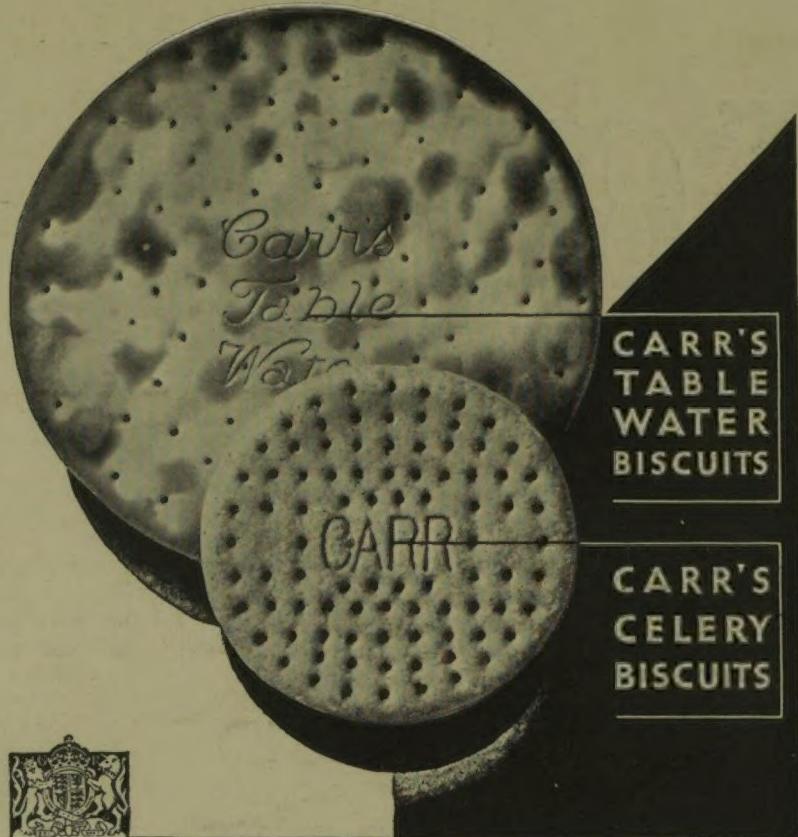
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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1932.



THE MONTE ALBAN TREASURES SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS":
A GOLD PECTORAL REPRESENTING A "TIGER"-HELMETED MIXTEC CHIEF.

This unique pectoral, a treasure of the remarkable Tomb of the Chiefs which was excavated recently at Monte Alban, near Oaxaca, in Mexico, is of extreme importance. It gains additional interest from the fact that it is of Mexican gold, for the mass of this has long been melted down. It represents the head of a Mixtec chief, who is seen wearing a "tiger" (ocelot)

helmet, the teeth of the beast represented just above the man's head and, it would seem, flanked by paws. The plates on either side of the neck show year-signs—Casa (House) and Eecatl (the Day Wind). The *cire perdue* process was used for making the pectoral, and the gold cast was finished by hammering. Our reproduction shows the ornament about twice natural size.

(SEE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN ARTICLE ON LATER PAGES OF THIS ISSUE.)



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVERYBODY knows that the old Greek title of a Symposium has fallen from its first high classical purity and dignity of meaning, by which it meant Drinks All Round, and descended—nay, degenerated—until it only means a set of separate printed statements, generally in every sense dry. It is true that Socrates and Alcibiades and their friends went in for thinking as well as drinking. But they differed from most contributors to the modern Symposium in two respects at least: first, that their thinking was really collective as well as constructive; they stimulated each other by talking to find the truth; and, second, that they really thought. The modern Symposium does not suggest to me this sociable thinking; on the contrary, each essay seems to be the product of singularly solitary and unassisted thinking, when it is thinking at all. I was specially struck by this fact when the *Daily Express* recently paraded in single file a series of four or five Young Men, whose business it was to express the faith and ideals of Youth. But, so far from reminding us of trusted friends talking round the fire, they reminded me of total strangers lost in the fog. They were well-meaning, but they were all groping, and groping in an unfamiliar atmosphere. I am not sure on what principle of selection these particular Youths represented Youth. They were apparently chosen for their eminence in some sport; they were led off by Mr. "Bunny" Austin, and told to talk about heaven, high ideals, dead dogmas, the Churches, and all the rest. If religious matters are to be ruled by athletes, why should not athletics be ruled by priests? I look forward confidently to a new series in the *Express*, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury shall lay down the new rules for Rugby football; in which the most popular preacher at the City Temple shall give us tips about racing and the form of the favourite; and the Pope shall show Miss Betty Nuthall how to hold a tennis racquet. It seems only fair, and it would be quite as useful as the other process.

But what interests me most, to begin with, is the friendless and forlorn condition of the Sportsman left all alone in the spiritual world. In marked contrast to the Greek Symposium, he is notably

without any general culture or common philosophy or accepted basis of discussion. Mr. "Bunny" Austin wrote like a gentleman, which is more than many of our hazy half-pagans could boast; but he had not the least idea of where to begin, or how to come to any real conclusion for himself or any real agreement with anybody else. He merely wandered about all alone in the middle of the *Daily Express*, as if hoping to find somewhere in the desert the faint tracks or trails of what he himself thought about theology. And this queer individualistic isolation, in the midst of a world that runs so much to crowds in sport and social life, struck me as very interesting indeed. But there was another oddity about these spiritual self-revelations that struck me as more interesting still. And that is that, with all possible respect for these Sons of the Morning and Heralds of the New Day, I must record with profound grief and sympathy that their heads are like waste-paper baskets. Their heads are stuffed with stale old written and printed stuff, and rather especially with the sort of stuff they profess to have torn up or rejected.

I confess I have grown more and more interested in what may be called the Symbolism of Syntax; the way in which the mere construction of a sentence suggests presumptions or prejudices, apart from anything named or defined. There are countless examples in this case; here is one of them. Each of the Spiritual Sportsmen goes through a religious form of repudiating religious forms. As the baptised baby is supposed to renounce the Devil and all his works, so this spiritual infant is expected to renounce the dogmas of all the churches, whatever that may mean. He demands a purely human religion, and throws away all theological doctrines with a sublime gesture. He then starts off with a sentence like this: "I believe that Jesus Christ came on earth to teach men fellowship," or some other ideal of humanism or humanitarianism. Now, that is exactly what I mean by the

Symbolism of Syntax; for the very shape of the sentence shows that he has not abandoned the old doctrines at all. That is what I mean by having a head like a waste-paper basket; still stuffed with the very things he thinks he has thrown away. For nobody would begin a sentence like that unless he assumed the old dogma about divinity. Nobody would use it about anybody to whom he did not attribute divinity. I should not say, "Plato came on earth to preach the immortality of the soul," however much I admired Plato or believed in immortality. Plato could not help coming on the earth. Plato kicked and screamed for some months and years before he even knew his name was Plato. Plato

certainly crawled and tumbled and scrambled about the earth for some years before he was a Platonist. By that mere turn of diction, the writer accepts the most dogmatic of all dogmas, which dogmatic theologians call the Co-Eternity of the Son. He pretends to be superior to dogmas, and he is so steeped and soaked in them that he even proclaims them without knowing it.

Now, the style of such Symposiasts is full of such symbolic syntax. It is full of phrases showing that they still assume what they profess to deny. To take another instance: some of them dismiss certain Church forms or formulas by calling them "man-made" forms or formulas. Now, this was a favourite phrase of the old and genuine Puritans, who believed that certain things, like the Jewish Bible or the Scottish Sabbath, were God-made. If they could show that a particular thing (such as marrying your deceased wife's sister) was not vetoed in the God-made Scriptures, they called it a man-made veto. And when they said it, it meant something. But when these Spiritual Sportsmen say it, what does it mean? They are perpetually telling us that God is in their games, in their garden flower-beds, in their social clubs or movements or ordinary activities of every kind. I do not blame them for that; but I cannot understand why it is a disgrace to a church to be man-made, but not a disgrace to a tennis-court to be man-made. They are always telling us that they accept no special spiritual authority as being more divine than the human. Then what are the things that are God-made, compared with which churches are only man-made? The fact is that the phrase is a scrap of old Puritan dogma which the writer has thrown away into the waste-paper basket. Unfortunately, he has not thrown away the waste-paper basket. He walks about wearing it for a head.



THE TREASURE OF LAST WEEK (MARCH 24-30) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ALB IN VENETIAN NEEDLEPOINT LACE.

Needlepoint lace is first mentioned in an Italian inventory of 1493; and in the next century several pattern books for lace-makers were published in Venice, ever since famous for fine laces. This alb, bequeathed by Mrs. Bolckow in 1890, has a deep flounce and neck and cuff trimmings of Rose Point, the richest and most graceful of Venetian laces, a variety of Punto in Aria, being worked over a parchment pattern without a linen foundation. It is characterised by the waving floral stems, decorated with loops (picots) and small rosettes. Rose Point, which is called Rosaline in Italy, was popular from about 1650 to 1720, and the famous Point de France was produced to compete with it. This magnificent alb was no doubt made for some distinguished ecclesiastic of about 1670. It is 5 ft. 8 in. long by 6 ft. 6 in. wide.

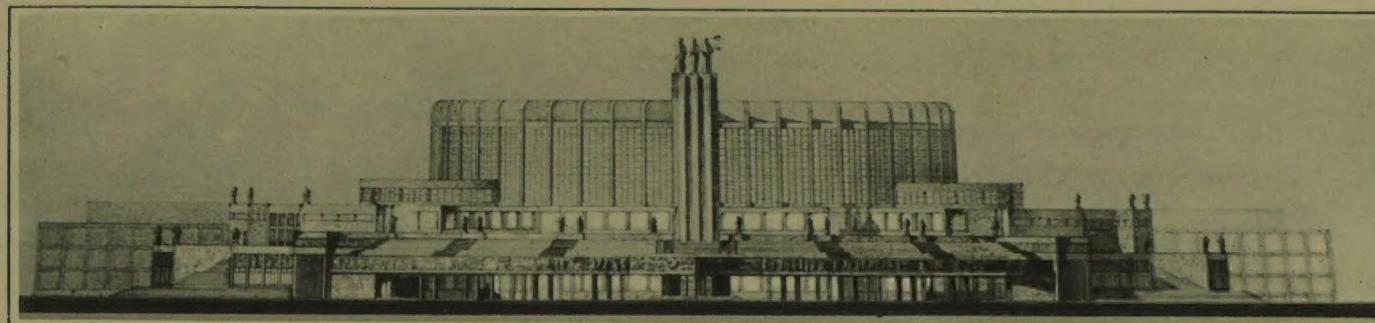
meaning, but they were all groping, and groping in an unfamiliar atmosphere. I am not sure on what principle of selection these particular Youths represented Youth. They were apparently chosen for their eminence in some sport; they were led off by Mr. "Bunny" Austin, and told to talk about heaven, high ideals, dead dogmas, the Churches, and all the rest. If religious matters are to be ruled by athletes, why should not athletics be ruled by priests? I look forward confidently to a new series in the *Express*, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury shall lay down the new rules for Rugby football; in which the most popular preacher at the City Temple shall give us tips about racing and the form of the favourite; and the Pope shall show Miss Betty Nuthall how to hold a tennis racquet. It seems only fair, and it would be quite as useful as the other process.

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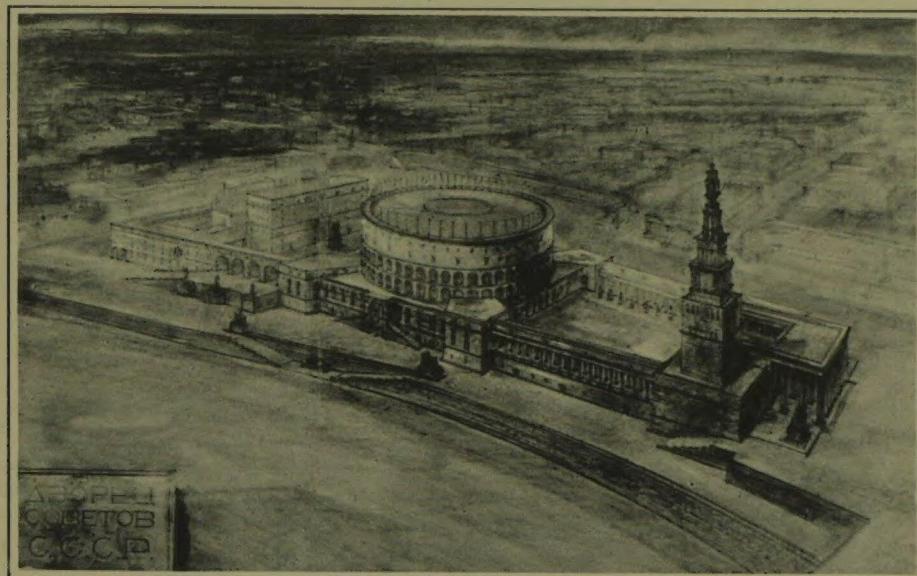
THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK (MARCH 31—APRIL 6) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A RED LACQUER THRONE MADE FOR CH'EN LUNG. The Imperial Chinese factory for carved red lacquer was established in the Palace at Peking by the Emperor Kang Hsi in 1680. His grandson, the Emperor Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795), a munificent patron of the arts, appears to have admired this type of lacquer and ordered large quantities. Among many other works of art associated with his name are two magnificent thrones of carved red lacquer (known as Pekinese or cinnabar lacquer) made for the Imperial Hunting Palace at Nan-Hai-Tze, near Peking. One is said to be still preserved at Peking; the other, after various vicissitudes, has come into the possession of the Museum. It was bought by the Russian Ambassador at Peking at the time of the Boxer Rising, and later brought to London. It was purchased in 1922 by Mr. George Swift, who presented it to the nation. It is 3 ft. 11 in. high and 4 ft. 1½ in. wide. A coloured reproduction of this throne appeared in our issue of July 8, 1922.

Both Photographs by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright reserved).

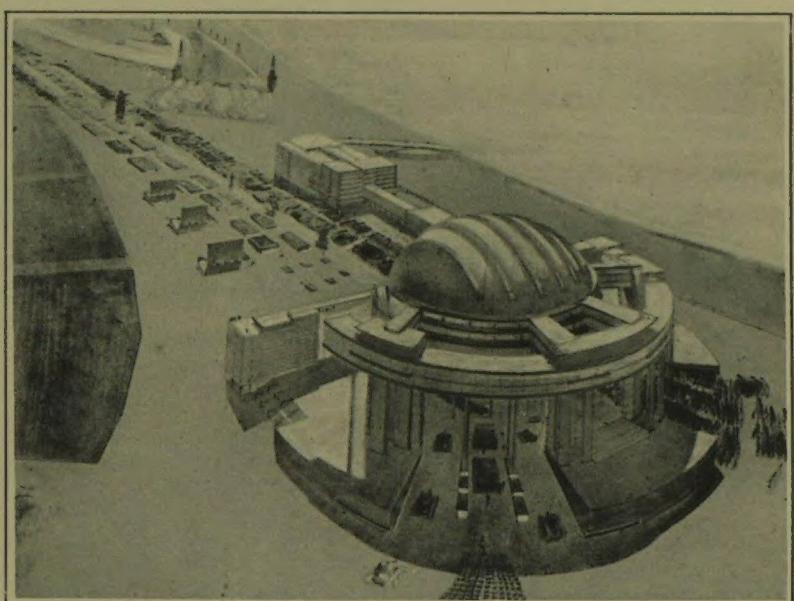


ONE OF THE MANY PLANS SUBMITTED FOR THE PALACE OF SOVIETS, DESTINED TO OCCUPY THE SITE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE REDEEMER, WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED LAST DECEMBER: A SCHEME FOR THE NEW BUILDING, CALLED A "TEMPLE OF LABOUR," SENT IN BY THE ARCHITECT LANGBARD AND AWARDED A PRIZE OF 5000 ROUBLES—A SKETCH FOR A SOMBRE PILE SURMOUNTED BY THREE GIANT FIGURES.

REPLACING THE CATHEDRAL OF THE REDEEMER: DESIGNS FOR THE MOSCOW PALACE OF SOVIETS.



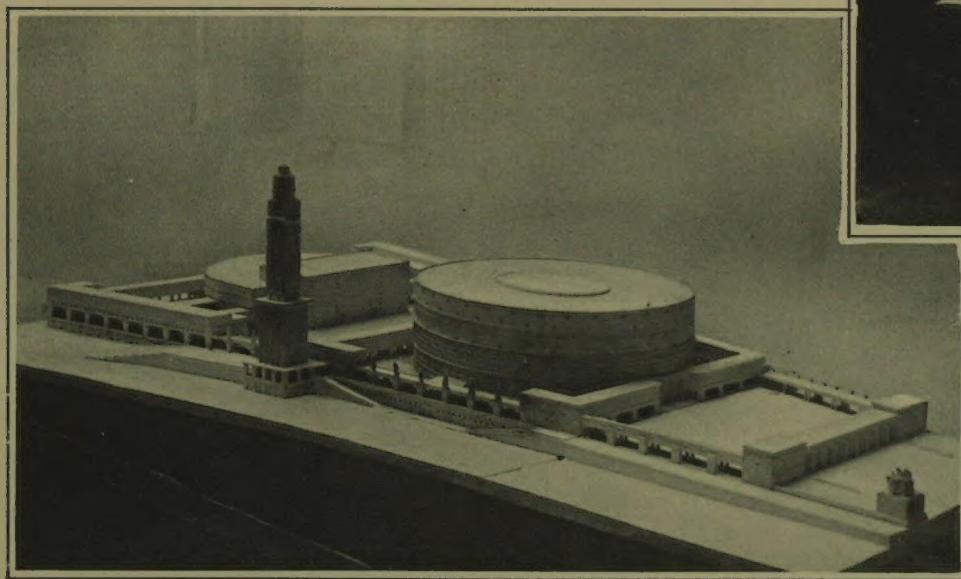
A FINE CONCEPTION, COMBINING PORTICOS, A STEEPLE, AND A ROTUNDA: THE DESIGN OF THE RUSSIAN ARCHITECT JELTOVSKI, WHICH RECEIVED 12,000 ROUBLES.



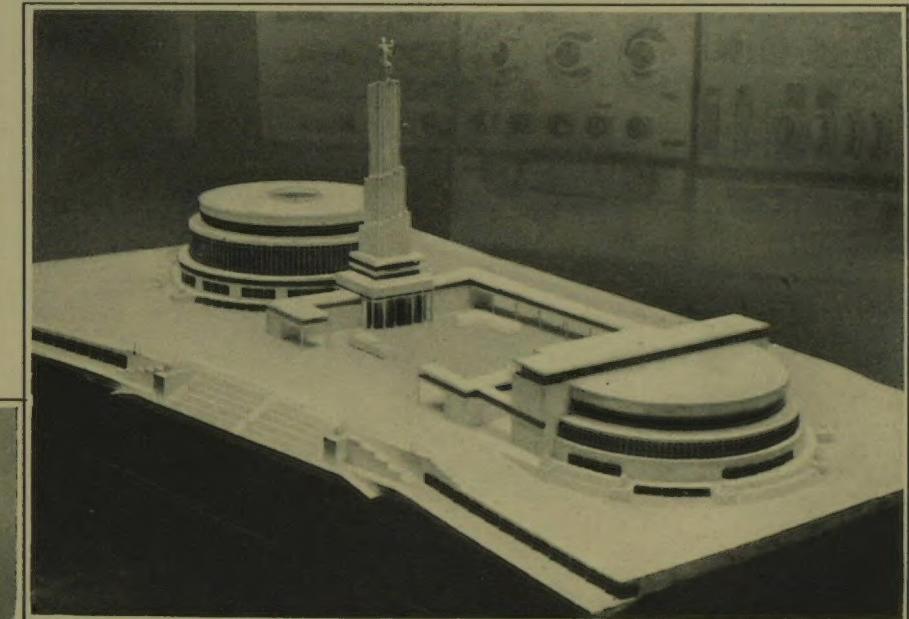
REMARKABLE FOR ITS WARLIKE ASSOCIATIONS, TROOPS AND TANKS BEING INCLUDED IN THE SKETCH: A PLAN BY ALAVIANA AND SHIBIRSEV WHICH RECEIVED 10,000 ROUBLES.

THE Cathedral of the Redeemer in Moscow was dismantled last year, and blown up in December. With its five gilded domes and its lavish marble decoration, it was a building remarkable for florid magnificence rather than for architectural beauty. It was built between the years 1838 and 1881, to commemorate Napoleon's defeat in 1812. The demolition of the cathedral was not a simple act of Soviet vandalism; the object was to provide room for the new headquarters of the U.S.S.R. Trade Union organisation, which is to be a Palace of Soviets, a Bolshevik Temple of Labour. The designing of the new building was thrown open to world-wide competition, and architects from many countries submitted plans. Money prizes ranging up to 12,000 roubles (over £1200) were awarded for the best designs, the most favoured projects, one of them the work of an American architect, being among those illustrated here.

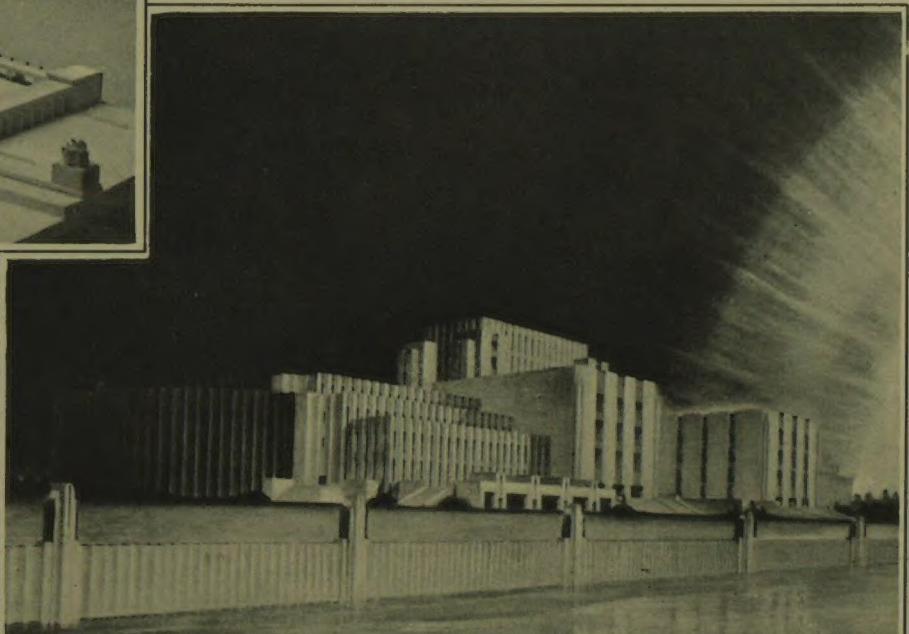
[Continued below.]



SUBMITTED BY THE ARCHITECTS GOLTZA, SOBELEV, AND PARUSNIKOV: A DESIGN IN ULTRA-MODERN STYLE FOR THE NEW PALACE; AWARDED A PRIZE OF 3000 ROUBLES.



ONE OF THE MOST FAVoured DESIGNS—AWARDED A PRIZE OF 12,000 ROUBLES: THE PROJECT SUBMITTED BY THE RUSSIAN ARCHITECTS JELTOVSKI AND JOFAN.

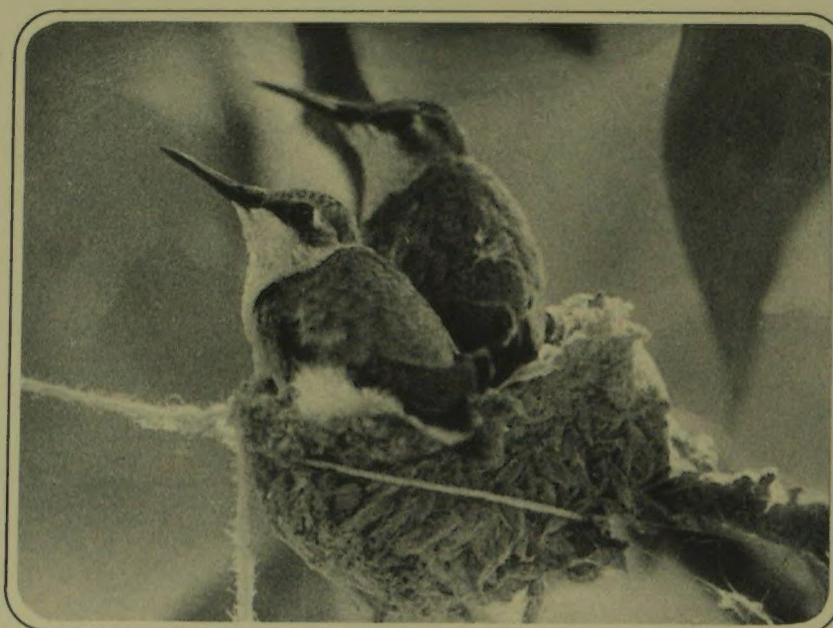


FAVoured EQUALLY WITH THE DESIGN ABOVE, AND LIKEWISE AWARDED 12,000 ROUBLES: A PLAN FOR A MAGNIFICENT AND IMPOSING BUILDING SUBMITTED BY THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT G. O. HAMILTON.

Continued.]

It is not yet known what the council's final selection will be, but whichever building rises on the old cathedral site will certainly, if one may judge from these sketches, be at least a work of originality and vigour. No less certainly, it will effect a remarkable change in the aspect of the city. Mr. G. O. Hamilton's design is clearly in the architectural tradition of modern America, lacking only the height of the New York skyscraper; while some of the plans submitted by Russian architects, with their Colosseum-like amphitheatres, classical porticos, and stepped-back towers like Babylonian ziggurats, reveal an ingenuity and artistic economy in keeping with the communal dwelling-places that have recently arisen in Moscow and other parts of Russia. It is reported that other religious buildings in Moscow are soon to share the fate of the cathedral, including one at least which will be a real architectural loss.

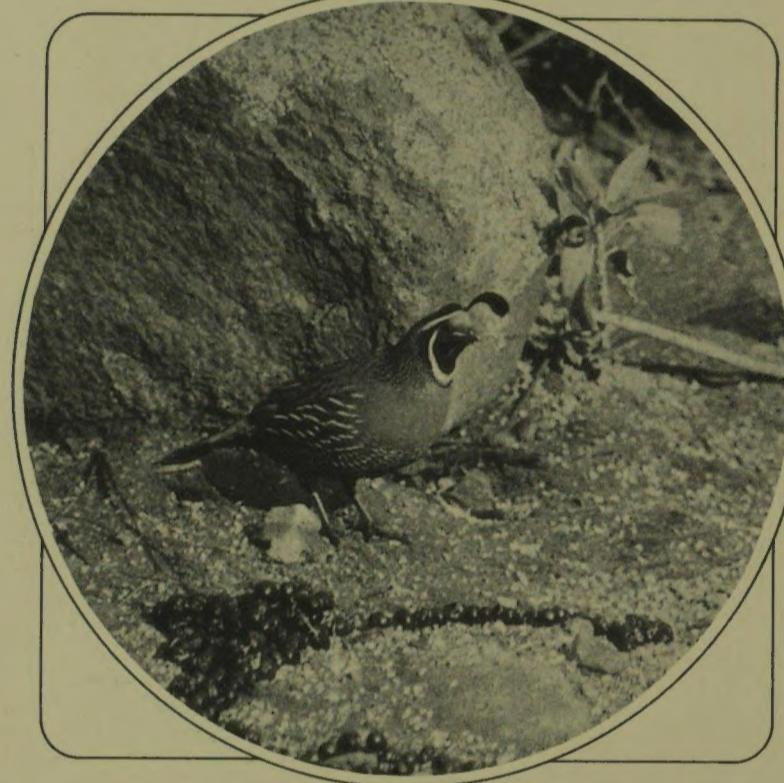
DAYLIGHT AND FLASHLIGHT STUDIES: REVELATORY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN CALIFORNIA.



YOUNG HUMMING-BIRDS EYEING THE CAMERA WITH CONSIDERABLE SUSPICION: A STRING-SUPPORTED NEST IN AN AVOCADO TREE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT WILSON, NEAR PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.



LINNETS, OR HOUSE-FINCHES, ON A FEEDING-STAND AT THE EDGE OF EATON CANYON: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING TWO OF THE BIRDS FIGHTING FOR A CRUMB.



AN ADULT MALE CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL: THE CALIFORNIA STATE BIRD PHOTOGRAPHED AT A NATURALIST'S FEEDING-ROCK FOR ANIMALS NEAR PASADENA—THE ALLURING "DINNER" IN THE FOREGROUND.



A FOX WHO RISKED BEING SPRAYED BY THE SKUNK (LOWER RIGHT CORNER) TO GET THE GRAPES: AN AGILE LITTLE ANIMAL CAPABLE OF CLIMBING TREES WHEN TOO CLOSELY PURSUED.



"BRER POSSUM" SNIFFING TENTATIVELY AT SOMETHING GOOD ON THE FEEDING-TABLE: AN ANIMAL WHICH, ALTHOUGH NOT NATIVE TO CALIFORNIA, IS NOW COMMON THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS OF THE STATE.



AN OPOSSUM SHOWS HIS TEETH: A HARMLESS LITTLE ANIMAL SNARLING ON TOUCHING THE TRIP-WIRE OF THE FLASHLIGHT APPARATUS WITH HIS SNOUT.

Atkinson recently gave an interesting description (in the "National Geographic Magazine") of how patience and ingenuity allowed her, more particularly, to observe the ways of the nightly visitors to her yard, without moving from her dining-room window. "Just before dark," she wrote, "we placed some table scraps and a small quantity of raw meat on the feeding-rock (in the yard). . . . Though we saw nothing, we were rewarded; not a scrap was there next morning." But "when the full moon shone over the mountains, here came the little animals one by one, climbing over the rock wall—the skunk, fox, raccoon, opossum, and many others. . . . The next step was to light the food-rock. . . . We turned out the light in the living room, and placed a small desk light with a heavy green shade outside on the window-sill, the shade keeping the light out of the room. . . . After we had succeeded in inspiring these creatures with

California is thickly populated with small wild animals, the observation of which provides a most fascinating pursuit. It goes without saying, however, that the taking of photographs as fine as those here reproduced is a business more difficult in every way. Agnes Akin

THE CAMERA AS SPY UPON THE WILD: REMARKABLY INTIMATE SNAPSHOTS OF ANIMAL LIFE.



THE RING-TAILED CAT: AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE CALIFORNIAN ANIMAL WHICH CAN BE TAMED EASILY AND PROVIDES AN EXCELLENT INSURANCE AGAINST RATS AND MICE.



A RACCOON AND HER FAMILY FEEDING: A STERN PARENT WHO WOULD BOX HER CHILDREN'S EARS AND SEND THEM FROM TABLE; AND LIKED TO WASH HER FOOD BEFORE EATING IT.



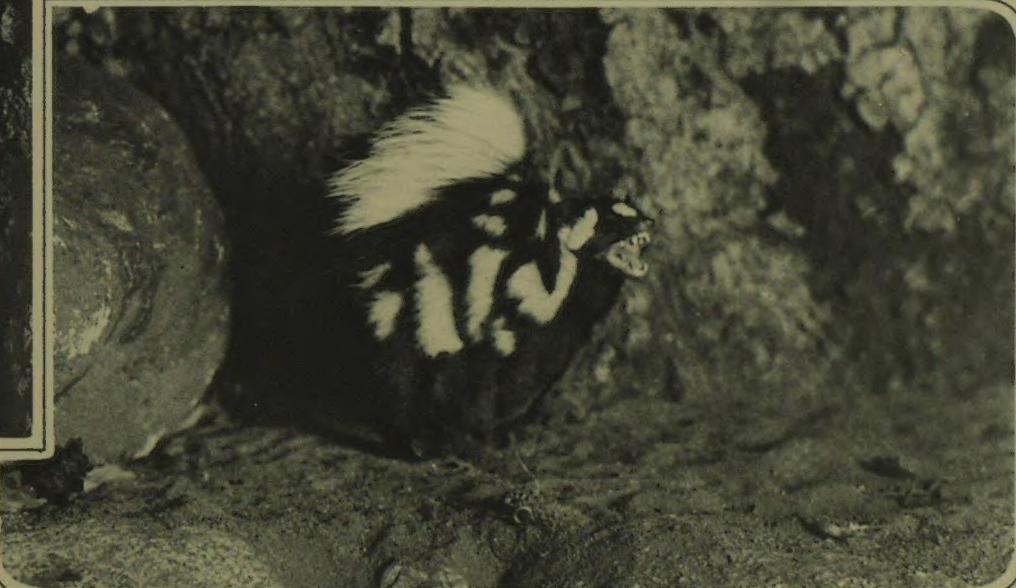
A FOX STANDS ALERT, LISTENING, AS ITS MATE CALLS FROM THE DARKNESS: A FREQUENT VISITOR TO THE FEEDING-STATION WHOSE FAVOURITE FARE WAS LETTUCE WITH MAYONNAISE DRESSING!



A ROUND-TAILED WOOD-RAT, OR "PACK-RAT," WHO PULLED THE FLASHLIGHT WIRE WITH HER TAIL: A MOTHER CARRYING HER BABY IN HER MOUTH AND A GRAPE IN HER FORE-PAW.



A SKUNK REACTING TO THE FLASHLIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ONE SEVENTIETH OF A SECOND AFTER THE FIRST GRAINS OF FLASH-POWDER HAD BEEN IGNITED; SHOWING THE SKUNK ABOUT TO LEAP AWAY.



A SPOTTED SKUNK WITH HIS TAIL CURLING UP, READY FOR SPRAYING: "SNAPPED" JUST AFTER THE CORD TO THE FLASHLIGHT HAD CAUGHT HIS EAR.

confidence in the surroundings, a stationary flood-light was fastened on the outside of the house near the window." A male and female black skunk appeared, bringing their five babies to feed at the rock-table. The father ate his food from one side of the table, the five babies stood in the middle of it to eat, while Mother skunk ate from the opposite side. Unfortunately the camera was not yet in position to make a permanent souvenir of this charming family group. A California spotted skunk—civet or polecat—a much smaller variety than the black skunk—came out of the rocks on one side of the feeding-table, followed by three small skunks. "They looked," said Agnes Atkinson, "like three little black powder-puffs." A father and mother coon, themselves models of caution, were accompanied by two babies frolicking and tumbling about quite unguardedly. "Sometimes Mother coon would box their ears for being so careless, and send them back over the wall, to stay until she called them. Ring-tailed cats," the writer added, "relatives of the raccoons, are frequent guests at our banquet. They are easily tamed."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAST week I found myself hobnobbing with early Victorians in the pages of "Albert the Good." This week, as it happens, I move on among the late Victorians with another biography, which represents the fine flower of that period in the world of culture and public affairs—namely, "SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN." A Memoir. By his son, George Macaulay Trevelyan. With Illustrations (Longmans, Green; 12s. 6d.). Sir George Trevelyan divided his time between literature and politics, attaining high distinction in both. In literature, of course, he is chiefly remembered for his "Life of Macaulay" (the "Uncle Tom" of the present volume) and his "Early History of Charles James Fox," generally regarded as his masterpiece. When he retired from politics it was hoped that he would continue this work, but he chose instead to write the history of the American Revolution. The latter book brought him many American friends—most notably President Roosevelt, of whom we get here some kindly glimpses. It also evoked a memorable letter from Henry James, who described it as "a work of civilization" that "will help to build the bridge across the Atlantic."

Sir George Trevelyan's political career began with his election for Tynemouth as a Liberal in 1865, and ended with his retirement from politics in 1897. In 1882, immediately after the Phoenix Park murders, he undertook the formidable task of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and (in the words of Lord Morley in 1903) his "fortitude was subjected to a far severer trial than has ever fallen to the lot of any Irish Secretary before or since." Nevertheless, he won the liking of the Irish Members. "Forty years on," we read, "when the tide of time had floated Healy into the Viceregal Lodge as Governor-General of the Irish Free State, he and my father exchanged friendly correspondence about those old days." Professor G. M. Trevelyan's own recollections of life at Phoenix Park, as a boy of six, are symbolic of conditions in Ireland at that time. Now and then his father would take a hand in marshalling an army of lead soldiers, and of one such occasion wrote: "I have just contrived to set George playing at a City instead of those eternal battles. . . . His games are one continual revolution, in which the roughs, the police, the students of the University, the tradesmen, and the 'gents' form different combinations, and always end by killing the whole of each other. He has no idea of the quiet flow of civil life. I am glad to say that Ireland is beginning to return to a state of things less resembling George's town." In 1885 Sir George became Chief Secretary for Scotland, and thus accomplished a somewhat unusual "double" in ministerial appointments—not, of course, running concurrently!

Remembering his father's dislike of long biographies, Professor Trevelyan has given us "a brief and personal memoir," which is a model of literary portraiture, compact, intimate, and well balanced. As often in records of public men, the early years provide the best reading, before the time arrives when *post equitem sedet atra cura*—not that Sir George, it seems, ever allowed black care to hold the reins. In his boyhood there are some charming glimpses of Macaulay in the character of the benevolent bachelor uncle. "The jokes, the puns, the laughter turned on familiar figures in fiction or history or in the public life of the day. Thanks to Uncle Tom, the past of England, of Rome, of Greece was to them all, parents and children alike, as many-coloured and actual as the present. It was this daily, loving familiarity with an unseen world that produced 'The Lays of Ancient Rome'—and everything that is of most value in my father's own writings in verse or prose." Sir George retained his love of the classics to the end of his life.

Certainly the most amusing section of the book is that on his life at Cambridge (1857-1861), where he developed a strong talent for comic verse, afterwards abandoned. Its principal fruits, two dramatic skits entitled "The Cambridge Dionysia" and "Horace at Athens," are given as appendices. There was an interesting incident, just before he sat for his degree (coming out second in the Classical Tripos), that shows he was no mere bookworm, and it casts rather a new light on King Edward's reaction to the stern parental scheme for his education, as described

in "Albert the Good." In 1860 the (then) Prince of Wales was a Trinity undergraduate, resident at Madingley Hall, three miles out of Cambridge, and he persuaded Trevelyan to join him in a day's hunting. "I was on a strong Cambridge hack," writes Sir George, "which rushed blindly at everything and gave me two bad falls. The last was rather memorable. My brute caught all its legs in the hedge, and came down on me on the other side. The Prince followed, and fell exactly in the same manner, at the very same place. Conceive my feeling when my future sovereign rolled on his head at my feet!"

Professor Trevelyan expresses deep regret that his father did not write his own reminiscences of his early life. Nowadays there is no reason to complain that people are backward in telling the world the story of their lives. Frequently they fulfil this duty fairly early in life, as does the son of a distinguished statesman of to-day in "THE QUESTING BEAST." An Autobiography. By Oliver Baldwin (Grayson and Grayson; 10s. 6d.). There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between this book and the foregoing, in style, mentality, and subject matter—a contrast that hits one in the eye with the very first sentence. Still in his early thirties, and no great respecter of persons, Mr. Oliver Baldwin has had very varied experiences, including active service in the war, travel in many lands,

Here I perceive an appropriate niche for two little books of kindred interest as touching the political future. One is "THE NECESSITY OF COMMUNISM." By John Middleton Murry (Cape; 3s. 6d.). Dealing as it does with vitally important national issues, this essay demands close consideration, even from prospective opponents, and I advise all to read it who wish to know what shape the Communistic ideal of social order—English, not Russian—takes in the mind of an intellectual reformer. Incidentally, his practical proposals involve a universal minimum wage with an increase of direct taxation! With Mr. Middleton Murry's work may be bracketed another small book, concerned with immediate party strategy, entitled "LABOUR'S FUTURE AT STAKE." By Clifford Allen, formerly Chairman of the I.L.P. (George Allen and Unwin; 1s. paper, 2s. 6d. cloth). Mr. Allen here analyses the events that led to the last Labour Government's resignation, and appeals for a re-unification of the Party.

Although Mr. Oliver Baldwin cannot be said to share Sir George Trevelyan's enthusiasm for classical literature, he has at any rate an appreciation of Greek art. Of his visit to Greece in 1920, when he found Athens in a turmoil, with riots and burnings of newspaper offices as everyday occurrences, he says: "The Acropolis filled me with ecstasy. I had never imagined anything so beautiful,

and when I saw the false Caryatid I wondered whether Great Britain would ever do the right thing and restore the original to Greece." This brings me to a volume that will interest our archaeological readers—"THE ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS." No. XXX. Session 1928-9, 1929-30 (Printed for the Subscribers and sold on their behalf by Macmillan; £3 3s. net). In the list of the managing committee and staff of the School occur the names of several eminent archaeologists who have contributed illustrated articles to this paper, including Sir Arthur Evans, Mr. A. J. B. Wace, Mr. H. G. G. Payne, Mr. W. A. Heurtley, and Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury. Among the subjects dealt with are excavations at Thermi in Lesbos, houses at Knossos, the theatre and acropolis at Sparta, copper mines in Cyprus, and the Morning Hymns of the Emperor Leo. The text, which is written, naturally, on scientific rather than popular lines, is enriched by abundant illustrations, some in colour, as well as diagrams and plans.

With the condition of Ireland in the days of Sir George Trevelyan's Chief Secretaryship, it is interesting to compare the somewhat similar state of affairs nearly a century earlier, as described in a new memoir of a famous Irish patriot, "ROBERT EMMET."

By Raymond W. Postgate. With Portraits (Martin Secker; 10s. 6d.). Here we have the violent and bloodstained story of the United Irishmen, the ill-fated rebellion under Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798, and the subsequent and equally tragic effort made by young Robert Emmet himself to abolish the dominance of Dublin Castle. He was only twenty-five when he paid the penalty with his life. His last speech, at his trial, is regarded as a classic of eloquence, and its conclusion was prophetic: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then shall my character be vindicated, then may my epitaph be written." Amid the network of political intrigue is interwoven the slender thread of an unhappy romance. It was, indeed, his love for Sarah Curran which led at the last to Robert Emmet's betrayal and arrest.

I must not leave the subject of Ireland without mentioning, in conclusion, a beautiful little book about her patron saint, which appears opportunely in this year of his fifteenth centenary. It is called "SAINT PATRICK": The Travelling Man. The Story of His Life and Wanderings. By Winifred M. Letts, author of "Songs from Leinster" and "Hallowe'en." With Drawings by Lesley Blanche (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 12s. 6d.). The author has woven the strands of legend and tradition into a narrative tapestry presenting a clear picture of a wonderful life. The story is told with a simple charm instinct with the spirit of place and marked by strong poetic feeling.

C. E. B.



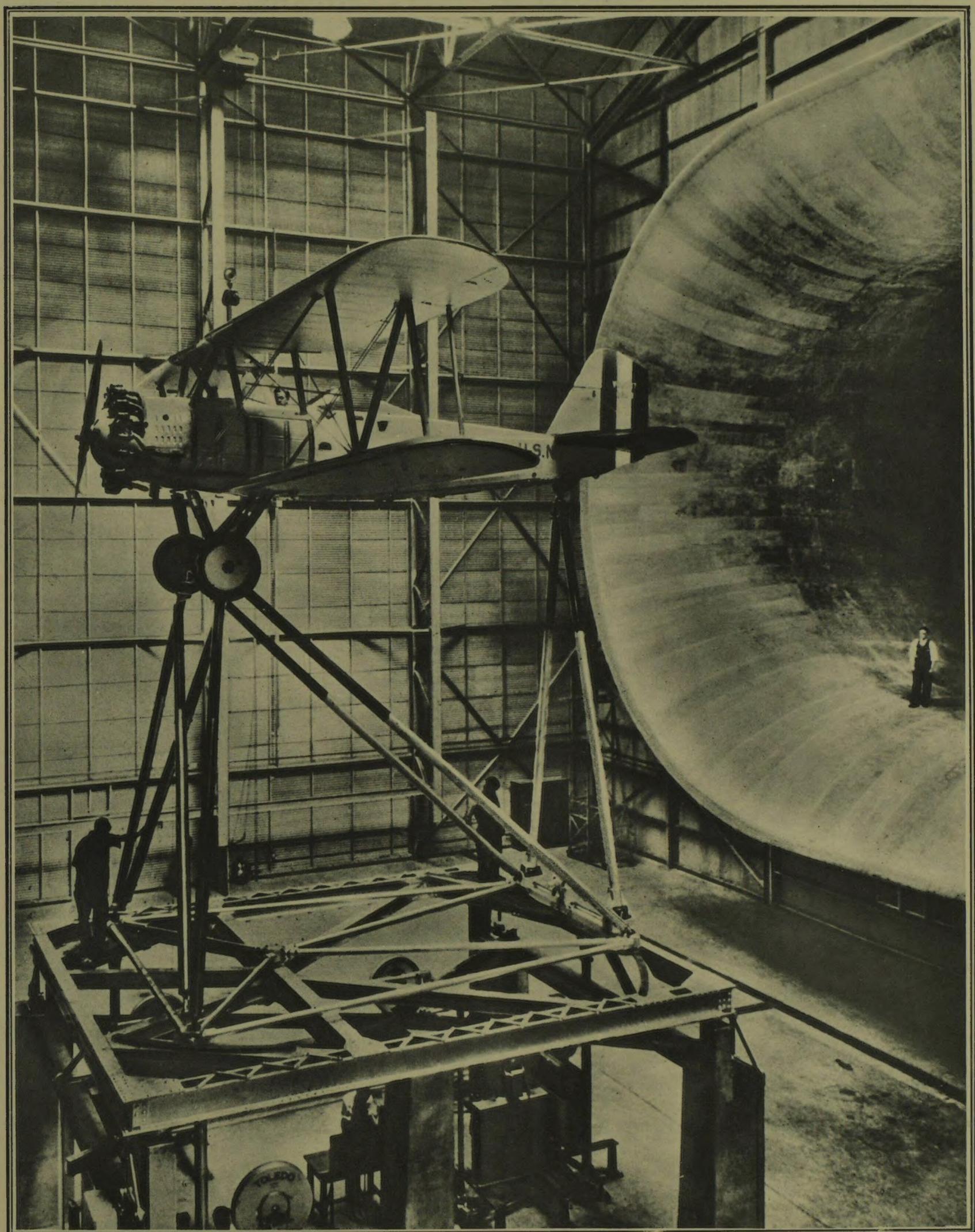
"ZOOLOGY FROM YOUR DINING-ROOM WINDOW": THE LARGE WINDOW OF A HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA THROUGH WHICH THE OWNERS WERE ABLE TO WATCH WILD ANIMALS FEED IN THE YARD BY "FLOOD-LIGHT." This house is situated near Eaton Canyon, above Pasadena, in California. Seated in the window are Agnes A. Atkinson and her two daughters. Dr. Spencer R. Atkinson took the remarkable series of photographs of wild animals coming to feed in the garden which will be found reproduced on pages 500 and 501. Our description of this interesting experiment is based on an article by Agnes Atkinson in the "National Geographic Magazine." The "flood-light" seen at the lower left corner of the window illuminates the area in which the animals feed.

Photograph by Dr. Spencer R. Atkinson. Reproduced by Courtesy of the "National Geographic Magazine." (See Pages 500, 501.)

adventures in Armenia, and a spell in Parliament as a Labour Member. He relates it all with infinite gusto, in a racy, provocative vein that hustles the reader onward amid a rattle of turbulent prejudices and slashing criticisms. The book is a vigorous expression of the modern mind in revolt.

I was rather puzzled by the author's curious choice of title, especially when, happening to consult that old friend Brewer's "Handbook" for another purpose, I lit on an entry about the Questing Beast of Arthurian romance. It was a monster called Glastaunt, pursued by King Pellinore and Sir Palomides. "In his body," says Malory, "there was such a noise as it had been the noise of thirty couple of hounds questing, and such a noise that beast made wheresoever he went." Perhaps Mr. Oliver Baldwin was first introduced to it in his childhood days at Rottingdean, by his great-aunt, Georgiana Burne-Jones ("Aunt Georgie, as we called her"), of whom he writes very affectionately. She used to read to him from a copy of the "Morte d'Arthur" printed by William Morris and bound in wood painted by her husband. "I sat enraptured," he recalls, "Sunday after Sunday." His own reference to the title of his book occurs on the concluding page: "I have come to the end of my tale, such as it is, and I, the Questing Beast, will still go on questing—it is my nature so to do. . . . I still seek the Socialist state; I still seek the International Brotherhood of Man. I shall always fight humbug and hypocrisy." The passage is typical of the author's personality as here revealed.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE WORLD'S LARGEST WIND-TUNNEL.



WITH A MOUTH LIKE A GIGANTIC LOUD-SPEAKER, DWARFING THE HUMAN FIGURE TO MIDGET SIZE: A WIND-TUNNEL WITH A WIND-VELOCITY OF 112 M.P.H., TESTING A REAL AEROPLANE.

As our readers will remember, we have illustrated at intervals, in previous numbers, various phases of modern invention and wonders of scientific mechanism, under the general heading, "Symbols of Our Time." Aviation being one of the most modern and progressive of mechanical sciences, the interesting photograph here reproduced can appropriately be included in this category. It shows a full-sized aeroplane being tested in front of a new wind-tunnel, said to be the largest in the world, recently completed in the Aeronautical Laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia, U.S.A. The gigantic dimensions of this tunnel can be realised by comparing the relatively diminutive stature of the man seen standing in the aperture. Its size enables it to test actual aeroplanes,

for stability and other qualities, whereas with other wind-tunnels small models of aircraft have had to be used. The velocity of the wind which it produces is stated as 180 kilometres (about 112 miles) an hour. The method of operating a wind-tunnel may be indicated roughly as follows: the blasts of air are generated by a propeller at the end of the tunnel, and wire cables leading from the aeroplane are connected with instruments which register the wind pressure on various parts of the plane-surfaces. For the benefit of those who wish to pursue the subject further, we may mention that a technical explanation of wind-tunnels may be found in Sir Richard Glazebrook's article on Aeronautics in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHINGS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PLAYING CARDS," by W. GURNEY BENHAM; and "OLD AND CURIOUS PLAYING CARDS," by H. T. MORLEY.*

(PUBLISHED BY WARD, LOCK.)

(PUBLISHED BY B. T. BATSFORD.)

THE centenary of De La Rue's as makers of playing-cards, correspondence in the *Times*, and the enormous popularity of card-games—as witnessed, for example, by the best-selling qualities of books on contract bridge—give these two books a special topical interest. For collectors and antiquarians, they will also be attractive as repositories of many "old and curious" kinds of cards: the excellent reproductions, many of which are in colour, in this respect make both the volumes museums in little.

Mr. Benham begins with the just observation that when the origin of any popular institution is obscure, it is generally attributed to one of two sources—either the fabled East or the Devil. A Satanic *provenance* has been ascribed to cards by severe moralists ever since the Middle Ages, and their obvious connection with gaming has made them the object of much repressive legislation, many examples of which are cited both by Mr. Benham and by Mr. Morley. It is to be observed, however, that the repression usually took the form of taxation—which is not an isolated example of the shrewdness with which Governments have taken fiscal advantage of the frailties of human nature.

Mr. Benham is more sceptical than Mr. Morley as to the possible Oriental origin of playing-cards. There is no certainty in this matter; but chess is, beyond reasonable doubt, of Indian origin, and there is force in Mr. Morley's suggestion that the affinities between the "pieces" of chess and cards may be more than a coincidence. A very curious and striking piece of evidence, mentioned by Mr. Morley, is that the Indian deity, Ardhanari, holds in its four hands the Cup, Sword, Ring (or Money), and Wand (or Club), which, as we shall see, became the four suits of certain European packs.

We are all familiar with the popular legend that cards were "invented" for the diversion of the mad King Charles VI. of France, who reigned in the late fourteenth century. European cards are certainly much older than this; but the story is not entirely without foundation, for it seems probable that in 1393 a special pack was designed for the Mad King by Jacquemin Gringonneur. They are of very beautiful workmanship, in the style of the illuminated missals, and fortunately seventeen of them are still extant. Mr. Morley reproduces a fine specimen, the Emperor of a Tarot pack.

Many speculations are possible, but the true and first origin of playing-cards remains, for the present, hidden; and Mr. Benham wisely confines himself to the European pack. Even here we cannot trace the stream back to its fountain-head. "We cannot tell where the inventor of the European playing-cards lived or what language he spoke. Probably he wore a capacious gown with long loose sleeves, some sort of hood on his head, and pointed shoes. For he seems to have lived about the year 1320. That gives our modern pack a continuous history of over 600 years, which should be long enough to satisfy most people." Authorities seem to differ concerning the earliest documentary references to European cards. Mr. Benham gives 1377 as the earliest date; Mr. Morley refers (but without particulars) to "a manuscript dated 1299" in which cards are expressly mentioned. All are agreed that Italy was the home of European playing-cards. The earliest packs were the so-called *Tarots* or *Tarocchini*. They differed in number, but the standard type was of 78 cards, comprising four

suits of fourteen cards each (with four picture cards to each suit), and 21 *attuti*, or trumps—a word which survives in the French *atouts*. The *attuti* formed a series of curious conventional figures, each one of which had historical or symbolical associations too complex to be described here. The first five, for example, were the Mountebank (*Bateleur*), the Popess (the legendary Pope Joan, whose name adhered to a card-game popular in England for many years), the Empress, the Emperor, the Pope. Many examples of these *Tarot* figures survive, and both Mr. Benham and Mr. Morley illustrate them copiously: see, for example, the Hanging Man, number 12 of the *attuti*, whose prototype may very possibly have been Judas Iscariot. An interesting feature of the *Tarot* pack is that it had an extra unnumbered card called the Fool (*Le Fou*). The modern descendant is, of course, the now obsolescent Joker.

French influence soon began to dominate the pack, because the French, as early as the fifteenth century, became the most expert and successful manufacturers of cards. It is undoubtedly to France that England owes the principal features of its cards. Mr. Benham believes that foreign playing-cards were imported into England as early as the fifteenth century, and possibly before the end of the fourteenth. The importation was forbidden, or restricted, as early as 1463, but apparently with little effect. It is probable that cards were being manufactured in England by the middle of the fifteenth century, but the British industry was not set on its feet until the establishment of the Company of Makers of Playing Cards in 1628, and even then it was much harassed by constant duties and restrictions. One remarkable result of French predominance in this field is that there is no extant representation of an English card earlier than the seventeenth century. Mr. Benham gives us, for the first time in any work on playing-cards, the earliest-known example of the English King of Hearts. It is reproduced from the title-page of a book published in 1642, and establishes beyond doubt the derivation of our court cards from French patterns. The only known English card-types of earlier date are found in an obscure work of 1613 by one Samuel Rowlands. They also are of the French or Rouen type.

The suits of the pack took various forms in different parts of Europe. The original Italian pack had Cups, Swords, Money (or Rings), and Batons (or Clubs), which still survive in Spain; the Germanic nations took Hearts, Acorns, Bells, and Leaves; and the French, whom we followed, took Hearts (*Cœurs*), Spades (*Piques*), Paving-Stones (*Carreaux*, our Diamonds), and Clover-Leaves (*Trèfles*, our Clubs). The origin of these different denominations is extremely obscure. Various symbolical interpretations have been suggested, but they do not seem very convincing. It is thought, for example, that the Italian suits may have represented the "four estates of mankind"—Cups or Chalices for ecclesiastics, Swords for the military, Money for the merchants, and Batons for the manual labourers. This seems plausible enough, but the French and English symbols are more difficult to explain. "The *Cœur*," writes Mr. Benham, "indicates courage and the highest development of humanity; the *Pique* represents the military element" (the *pique* or pike is clearly analogous to the *espada*, or sword, of Spain, whence our *Spade* is derived); "the Paving Tile (*Carreau*) may passably denote the commercial or bourgeois element, civic life, building and mercantile prosperity" (surely a little far-fetched?); "the *Trèfle*, or clover-leaf, is fairly representative of agriculture and the peasantry" (again somewhat thin?). A good many points remain unexplained. There seems to be little significance in the Paving Tile, and it is mysterious why the English, having adopted this symbol, should have called it a Diamond; we seem to be the only people in the world who regard a rhomboid as resembling this jewel. It is not known why the French abandoned the Club (always represented on the older cards as a stick or staff) for the trefoil, and it is odd that the English, having adopted the trefoil, should have continued to call it a stick. Hearts, again, are a puzzle. If one looks at some of the old German cards figured by Mr. Morley, it is impossible to resist his suggestion that the heart

shape developed out of the German Leaf: and one cannot help suspecting that the Spade was similarly influenced, for it is much more nearly akin to the Leaf than to the pike-head. There also seems to be a distinct affinity between the Acorn and the Trefoil. *Prima facie*, we should be inclined to suspect that Germanic conventions had a greater influence on the French, and therefore upon the English, forms than has yet been fully investigated.

Few of the card-players who have gazed, probably many thousands of times, on the quaint, bedizened figures of the "Cardboard Court" realise what a long history lies behind them all and how each detail of their trappings has some traditional significance. Mr. Benham gives an extremely interesting account of them all, and in this respect his book has more value than that of Mr. Morley, whose history is very fragmentary and uncritical. The Personages of the Pack have had many variants at different epochs, but the main types are established by abundant evidence. The King of Hearts is no other than Charlemagne: Mr. Morley's suggestion that he stands for Henry VIII. is unsupported, and is chronologically untenable; nor does there seem to be anything in the theory that the Queen of Hearts is Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII.—she is in reality Judith of the Apocrypha: a strange consort for Charlemagne! The Knave of Hearts is La Hire, a celebrated swashbuckler of the fifteenth century, and an associate of The Maid, as readers of Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" will remember: he seems to have been a popular focus for all sorts of *ben trovato* stories of mediaeval gasconade. The King of Spades is King David, the Man of the Sword; his Queen is Pallas Athene!—or sometimes La Pucelle! The Knave of Spades is Hogier, one of Charlemagne's paladins, and a grandson of Pepin. The King of Diamonds (still to be seen in our pack brandishing a battle-axe) is Julius Caesar himself; and his wife is certainly above suspicion, for she is Rachel, Jacob's long-awaited bride. The Knave of Diamonds, notoriously a dashing fellow, is Hector, though probably not Homer's Hector, but Hector de Maris, a Knight of the Round Table and a liege-man of Lancelot, who, as we shall see, is also of this pasteboard company. When he is not Hector, the Knave of Diamonds is frequently Roland. The King of Clubs is sometimes Alexander and sometimes Arthur; the Queen of Clubs is "Argine," a name which appears to be an anagram of *Regina*, but she is often Cleopatra as well; and the Knave of Clubs is Lancelot, a name ingeniously associated with "lance," whence it comes that our English Knave of Clubs still holds a debased form of lance in his hand. All these identifications are not mere fanciful guesses, but are demonstrated beyond doubt by innumerable old cards which bear the names of the characters. Readers will find it highly entertaining to take any ordinary English pack and to observe, with Mr. Benham's help, what relics of these legendary worthies still remain with us, and in what curious forms.

Besides the ordinary packs, there have been great numbers of "freak" packs issued for special purposes. Mr. Morley gives many interesting examples, and we find among his copious exhibits cards which are educational, astronomical, heraldic, ethnographical, geographical, linguistic, musical, and political. The last-named are perhaps the most interesting. Very striking specimens shown by Mr. Benham are those issued during the French Revolution, when the detested symbols of Kings and



THE EARLIEST EXTANT ENGLISH KING OF HEARTS, 1642: A CARD WHICH WAS NEVER, IN FACT, MEANT TO REPRESENT HENRY VIII., AS AN ERRONEOUS LEGEND WOULD HAVE IT.

The earliest known English King of Hearts, reproduced here, was not an actual playing-card, but, as pointed out by Sir Walter Fletcher, a line print from a Civil War tract representing a contemporary Court card. In the evolution of the modern King, this design would come midway between the Rouen and the Bamford Kings (see opposite page), and is of exceptional significance as proving the derivation of the English King from the Rouen pattern.

Illustrations reproduced from "Playing Cards," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd. Modern Card by Courtesy of Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co., Ltd.



THE BAMPFORD KNAVE OF HEARTS, C. 1750, HOLDING A CORRUPTED TRUNCHEON IN HIS LEFT HAND, POSSIBLY A REMNANT OF THE GASCON LA HIRE'S BATON.

It is unfortunate that the Knave of Hearts is one of the two Court cards missing from Pierre Maréchal's Rouen pack of c. 1567, for we are left with no trace of an important link in the evolution of the design—in particular of the history of whatever object the Knave carries in his hand. There is some doubt as to whether this Knave ever wore a long red



THE MODERN KNAVE OF HEARTS, WITH A MEANINGLESS LEAF OR FEATHER IN HIS HAND—A FURTHER DEGENERATION OF THE BATON WHICH HE ORIGINALLY CARRIED.

beard, but, like his fellows, he is clean-shaven now.

Queens were banished from the pack. One figure shows a Sans Culotte card of this period. Majesty returned to its pasteboard kingdom with the Empire of Napoleon.

Both these volumes are well stocked with varied and suggestive information; but we leave them with an impression that there are many nooks and crannies in the history of playing-cards which have not yet been fully explored and which would well reward the most patient research.

* "Playing Cards: History of the Pack and Explanations of its many Secrets," 242 illustrations. By W. Gurney Benham, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S. (Ward, Lock 12s. 6d. net.)

"Old and Curious Playing Cards, their History and Types from many Countries and Periods," 380 illustrations. By H. T. Morley, B.Sc., F.R.Hist.S. (B. T. Batsford; 21s. net.)

KING, QUEEN, KNAVE: THE EVOLUTION OF THE PACK OF CARDS.

(SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.) REPRODUCTIONS FROM BENHAM'S "PLAYING CARDS" BY COURTESY OF WARD, LOCK; THE MODERN CARDS BY COURTESY OF THOMAS DE LA RUE.



THE ROUEN KING OF HEARTS; C. 1567: A CARD WHICH WAS IDENTIFIED WITH CHARLEMAGNE ALMOST FROM THE FIRST.



THE BAMFORD KING OF HEARTS; C. 1750: AN ENGLISH CARD WITH THE INITIALS H. C., PROBABLY INDICATING AN EARLIER CARD-MAKER.



THE MODERN KING OF HEARTS: A LEFT-HANDED MONARCH BRANDISHING A SWORD THAT WAS ORIGINALLY A BATTLE-AXE.



THE ROUEN QUEEN OF HEARTS, REPRESENTING JUDITH—PERHAPS THE APOCRYPHAL JUDITH WHO SLEW HOLOFERNES.



THE BAMFORD QUEEN OF HEARTS: A LADY WHO WAS NOT MEANT FOR ELIZABETH OF YORK, AS ONE LEGEND HAS IT.



THE MODERN QUEEN OF HEARTS: A CARD WHICH RETAINS THE ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BAMFORD PATTERN.



THE ROUEN KNAVE OF CLUBS: A RAKE AND A SWAGGERING KNAVE, EMBELLISHED IN THIS PATTERN WITH BRIGHT BLUE HAIR.



THE BAMFORD KNAVE OF CLUBS, BEGINNING HERE TO LOSE HIS DISTINGUISHING SYMBOL, AN EXAGGERATED ARROW.



THE MODERN KNAVE OF CLUBS, NOW TURNING TO HIS LEFT, BUT OTHERWISE ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH HIS BAMFORD PROTOTYPE.

It is easy to moralise about the pack of cards, and to consider with amazement the potency of these little slips of pasteboard—their endless possibilities for human amusement or for human misery. The history of the pack, the evolution of the Court cards, and the variety of historical

personages which each originally represented, or from time to time has been thought to represent, is a vast and fascinating subject for which the curious must be referred to Mr. Gurney Benham's "Playing Cards." These pictures give a glimpse of the story of three prominent members of the Court.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"THAT WAS YESTERDAY" is a continuation of Miss Storm Jameson's saga of the Garton and Hansyke families. Hervey Russell is Mary Hervey's granddaughter; she inherits some of the old Yorkshirerwoman's characteristics, caution, stubbornness, vitality; but, unluckily for her, not a penny of her grandmother's millions has come her way. Her story is one long struggle with poverty, poverty which her wretched husband, Penn Vane, does little to relieve. True, his salary as a schoolmaster was slender enough, and when the war came and he got a safe job in the Air Force his circumstances were hardly improved. Still, he was ready enough to spend money on himself, and in times of stress he did not scruple to steal his wife's. Hervey had a baby, and would have had another if she had not taken desperate measures to prevent it; but Penn was without sense of paternal responsibility. He was not slow to exert his authority as a husband, however; and when out of temper he knocked her about like a caveman. That she managed to stick to him through so many weary years, so many house-movings, so much privation and humiliation, was greatly to her credit. Her character improves and strengthens under hardship, just as his softens and deteriorates. Miss Jameson's picture of England in war-time is brilliant and evocative; her book is a magnificent memorial to those troublous times.

Mr. Isherwood also goes back to a day that is dead, or, rather, dying—for many old families have happily been spared the fate that overtook the Vernons, landowners in Lancashire. The author is an impressionist; he tells his story more by delving into the memories of the characters than by direct narrative, and he does not slavishly follow chronology, but seizes upon vantage-points in Time; a crisis or a significant moment, from which to snapshot his characters and illustrate their progress. The sale of the Hall sent them in many different directions, and to follow occupations which would have seemed strange to their parents. But on the whole they were not commonplace. Bohemians, rolling-stones, scholars, they worked out their fates without regard to convention. Mr. Isherwood is a subtle and suggestive writer, perhaps too much concerned, like a cinema-producer, with getting a telling and original "shot," but with a firm grip on the essentials of character in spite of a fragmentary way of presenting it.

The war is again a central, or perhaps one should say a culminating, incident in "The Master of the House." Nowhere else, perhaps, could Miss Radclyffe Hall have found the barbarous deed which rounds off, almost too appropriately, the life of Christophe Bénédit, son of a Provençal carpenter. That life had not been altogether satisfactory, for Christophe was not as other men are. The simple, gay, sensuous Provençal nature, which accepted without much questioning the pain and suffering inherent in the human lot, he did not share. He was, in fact, abnormally sensitive to the sight of pain, especially pain inflicted on animals. If they were beaten, the marks appeared on his own flesh. Probably no one in St. Loup-sur-Mer would have believed that he had been privileged to receive the Stigmata; yet Jóuse's big, awkward, dreamy son had been granted this proof of affinity with the nature of Christ. Miss Radclyffe Hall knows Provence intimately; her book glows with its colours, is odorous with its strong, heady scents. Its exuberance is its merit; it welcomes all and sundry into its warm, friendly embrace and cherishes them.

In "Three Loves" we find another variety of religious experience, but ecstasy, triumph, vindication are lacking; the cross, but not the crown of martyrdom, falls to the lot of Lucy Moore. A poor Scotswoman, proud, honourable, industrious, and avid of affection, she had lost, before she entered the Belgian convent, the two people she cared about most in the world. And in both cases, if she was not actually responsible, she was greatly to blame. She took things too hard; her one way of meeting a difficult situation was to attack it bald-headed. Her husband had a mistress; she turned her out of doors. Her son fell in love with the daughter of a well-to-do Jewish slum-landlord; she would not countenance the girl or give her blessing to the marriage. Between her husband's death and her son's engagement to Rosie Tully she had achieved miracles; she had supported herself and Peter, she had enabled him to take his doctor's degree. He was unworthy of her, but in her headstrong folly she wantonly threw away an affection she might have kept. Earthly love failing her, she turned to the convent, and that failed her too. Mr. Cronin, like so

many novelists nowadays, writes at greater length than he need, but "Three Loves" more than fulfils the promise of "Hatter's Castle." It has as much power and greater originality.

In "The Heartless Traveller" Lady Patricia Russell shows how great a part the subconscious can play in our lives and, incidentally, in our love-affairs. Unfortunately, Dr. Freud was unknown at Strawm, the ancestral home of the Marleys, so little Peter grows up with an *idie fixe* about someone called "Linda," until in Paris he meets Linda Serganoff, whose interest in men is that of a novelist-explorer. Peter represents for her unexplored territory; and, unmindful of the warnings of his friend Van Loom, himself one of her victims, he allows a spell to be woven round him. But Linda's experiment is soon made, and it is she herself who destroys the picture Peter has imagined.

became a financier of genius; but his "subconscious" never disentangled itself from the consequences of his love-affair with Jehane Rodriguez. That brilliant, tortured woman had caught him, a callow youth, and brought to life in him emotions of which his wife knew nothing; the affair had a cruel, violent ending. "Hermes," whose mistress Jehane was, was present; but he had more capacity for life than she or Baxter, and his subsequent history is happier than theirs. Mr. Cleugh's enormous erudition rather hampers him as a story-teller. He is exceedingly clever, but does not yet know how to put his cleverness to the best use. His characters, so vivid in the opening chapters, cease to be human beings when they get their masks on.

If a novelist's highest achievement is the creation of apparently living people, then "Cloonagh," by Miss Dorothy Large, may be counted a distinct success. The plot is of the simplest; the characters are mostly likable, all amusing; there is no hero, and, of the women, old Mrs. Kavanagh is easily rivalled by her maid. Delia, indeed, deserves to be ranked with the famous Elsie of "Riceyman Steps"; in wit she surpasses Elsie. Gentle gaiety is the keynote of this pleasant book, the touches of pathos here and there being slight as shadows of a pastel drawing.

The human element, too, is what attracts us in Mr. John Beames's "Gateway." True, it has a plot, and a rather sensational one; also a hero whom we like, a villain whom we loathe, and a heroine about whom we feel more tepidly than did either Richard Black or Conquest Gates, eligible bachelors of the Canadian frontier town. As "Army Without Banners" showed, Mr. Beames is so fertile in creating amusing characters that he has no need, really, to clog out his invention with the help of crime; the spice, in this case, rather over-flavours an already appetising dish. But his fresh, humorous outlook makes "Gateway" an excellent entertainment.

Although the characters in "House for Sale" reiterate how completely they understand each other, they are nevertheless capable of surprising one another, and the reader even, to the end. This is the greater feat because they explain themselves and each other no less constantly and persistently than they understand. Indeed, the book largely consists of detailed analyses of one character by another—so detailed that sometimes it is hard to see the wood for trees, and personality becomes blurred in the mass of explanation. The story is told by the mother of three children on the eve of departure from the house that has been her home since marriage. Miss Elissa Landi is splendidly successful in bringing home the mother's charm and influence; her character emerges more plainly than those of the younger generation, partly because the author spends less time on her directly, and so, not being over-explained, she is more distinct.

"The Forlorn Years" is the story of David Lorne, a Scottish boy orphaned soon after the tale begins. A kind doctor, the "Big Man," gives him moral support. His schooldays over, he enters an office in London and is presently offered a job in India. This he refuses, and is sacked. After a period of starvation, Evie, a prostitute, takes

pity on him. He lives with her, a chaste invalid. The relationship is broken off and he meets Gillian, a respectable young girl, whose father is outraged on hearing of David's connection with the prostitute. The story ends on a broken-hearted note, but David has developed through suffering and achieved man's estate. Mr. Morrison's book is not specially noteworthy except for its sincerity.

"Free Will I Be" has somewhat the same theme. The hero, a young man of twenty-five, works in an office, but loathes his job. After a conversation with a sympathetic lift-man and a meeting with a girl in a wood, he decides to give up the office and try his hand at painting. The scene shifts to an artists' colony at Porth Lanherne, in Cornwall. The colony, and Luke Roydon's progress there, are very well described. The dénouement of Mr. Anthony Merryn's pleasant, unpretentious story is both surprising and satisfying.

"Death Answers the Bell" is an admirable detective story; Mr. Valentine Williams makes "high life" much more convincing than it is in most novels. "What Dread Hand—?" is delightfully fresh and ingenious. Mrs. Gill's dialogue is a joy, and Aunt Agatha a comic character of no mean order.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Mr. James Cleugh, however, is well acquainted with Dr. Freud, and psychoanalysis plays its part in "Ballet for Three Masks"—a not very satisfactory part, for at the close of his confessions to Lord Beveridge, the great psychiatrist, Baxter dies. He had a long and strange story to tell. Beginning life as a grocer's assistant, he

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- That Was Yesterday.* By Storm Jameson. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
- The Memorial.* By Christopher Isherwood. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
- The Master of the House.* By Radclyffe Hall. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
- Three Loves.* By A. J. Cronin. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
- The Heartless Traveller.* By Lady Patricia Russell. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)
- Ballet for Three Masks.* By James Cleugh. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
- Cloonagh.* By D. M. Large. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
- Gateway.* By John Beames. (Bern; 7s. 6d.)
- House for Sale.* By Elissa Landi. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
- The Forlorn Years.* By John Morrison. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- Free Will I Be.* By Anthony Merryn. (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.)
- Death Answers the Bell.* By Valentine Williams. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
- What Dread Hand—?* By Elizabeth Gill. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A BRITISH STEAMER ASHORE OFF BERMUDA: THE "PRINCE DAVID," WITH HER C DECK AFT UNDER WATER, AFTER STRIKING A REEF.

On March 13 the liner "Prince David," steaming at twenty-three knots in poor visibility, ran ashore on a reef to the north-east of Bermuda. It was feared that the vessel, battered by a heavy sea, would become a total loss. No lives were lost, and the passengers, who showed



THE FLOODED LOUNGE OF THE "PRINCE DAVID," WHICH RAN AGROUND OFF BERMUDA: WATER POURING INTO THE SHIP AS SHE WAS BATTERED BY A HEAVY SEA.

remarkable coolness, continuing to lunch and dance in spite of the ship's list, were soon taken off in the boats and safely transferred to the British steamer "Lady Somers," which was standing by. They were then landed, only the master and two engineers remaining on board the "Prince David." The ship was of 6892 tons, and was built two years ago for Canadian National Steamships. She was bound from Boston for Bermuda at the time of the stranding.

WANTED

INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF




CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.

OF HOPEWELL, N. J.

SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH

World-Famous Aviator

This child was kidnapped from his home in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p.m. on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.

DESCRIPTION:

Age, 20 months	Hair, blond, curly
Weight, 27 to 30 lbs.	Eyes, dark blue
Height, 29 inches	Complexion, light
Deep dimple in center of chin	
Dressed in one-piece coverall night suit	

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
COL. H. N. SCHWARZKOPF, TRENTON, N. J., OR
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, N. J.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN CONFIDENCE

March 11, 1932
COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
Sup't. New Jersey State Police, Trenton, N. J.

USED IN THE SEARCH FOR THE LINDBERGH BABY: A POSTER DISTRIBUTED TO THE POLICE CHIEFS OF OVER 1400 TOWNS.

TO BE RUNG FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWENTY YEARS WHEN THE LINDBERGH BABY IS FOUND: AN OLD FIRE GONG IN HOPEWELL, NEAR THE LINDBERGH'S HOME.

As we go to press, the infant son of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, kidnapped from his home on March 1, has not yet been returned to his parents, but there is a strong belief that three residents of Norfolk, Virginia, are in touch with the kidnappers. On March 27 one of the three, the Rev. H. Dobson Peacock, said that "we expect to have the baby in our own hands or in the hands of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh before the end of the week."



COMMEMORATING THE EASTER WEEK RISING OF 1916: FIVE BATTALIONS OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY MARCHING THROUGH DUBLIN.

Easter Sunday, as the anniversary of the 1916 Rebellion, was celebrated in Dublin by a march of the Irish Republican Army—the first occasion since the Civil War on which it had come openly into public. This demonstration ran counter to the Roman Catholic ban of October 1931, which condemned the Republican Army as a sinful and irreligious organisation, of which no Catholic could lawfully be a member, but it was civilly legal now that Mr. de Valera's Government has released the Army from the ban imposed on it by the Cosgrave Administration.

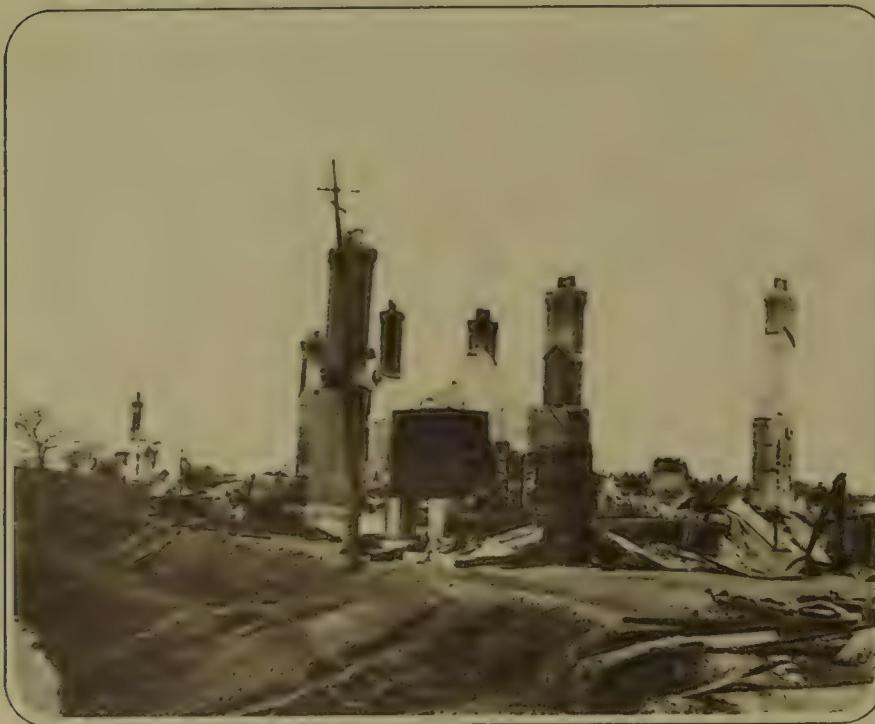


STYKE GRANGE DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE LOVELY BERKSHIRE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. RONALD WHITELEY, WHICH WAS GUTTED IN THEIR ABSENCE. On the night of March 27 the beautiful Berkshire mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Whiteley, with its many valuable contents, was destroyed by fire. Styke Grange, which is four miles from Hungerford, contained many old paintings and mezzotints and some fine furniture and porcelain. All the occupants of the house were rescued, largely by the courage and energy of the chauffeur, Mr. Charles Smith, who caught his daughter in his arms as she dropped from the second storey of the burning house.



IN HONOUR OF THE DEAD IRISH INSURGENTS OF 1916: IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY FLAGS BEING DIPPED OVER THE GRAVES AT GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

JAPAN IN THE FIELD: WAR IN THE SHANGHAI ZONE AND AT HARBIN.



THE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE JAPANESE AND THE CHINESE IN THE KIANGWAN AREA, NEAR SHANGHAI: THE RUINS OF THE SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB'S CLUBHOUSE, KIANGWAN. Kiangwan, which is about 3½ miles north of the boundaries of the International Settlement at Shanghai, was captured by the Japanese on March 2. The two photographs here reproduced were taken four days later. Kiangwan figured in the news again on March 29,

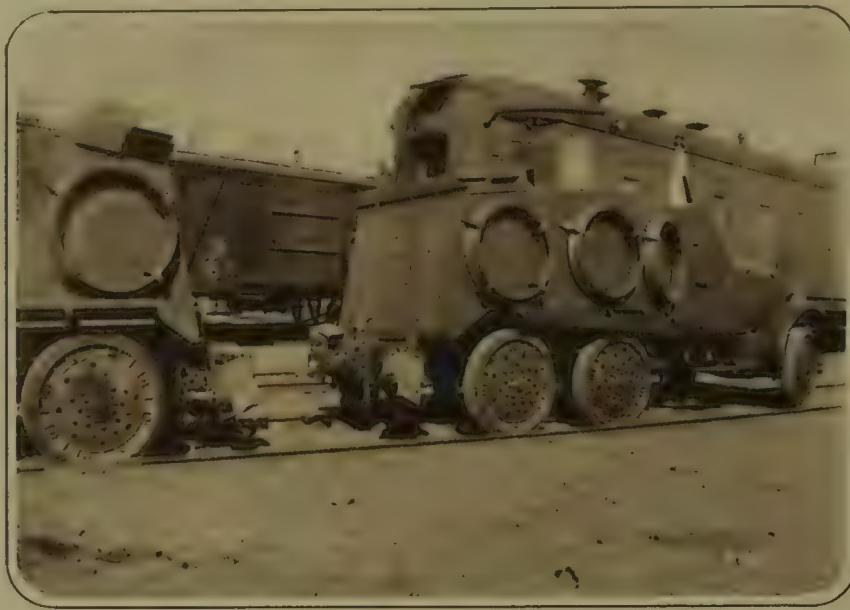


AFTER IT HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE, WHO TOOK IT ON MARCH 2: KIANGWAN ALMOST COMPLETELY RUINED BY BOMBS, SHELLS, AND FIRE. when it was reported from Shanghai that, at the conference held there on March 28, the Japanese had offered to withdraw their lines to Woosung, Kiangwan, and Chaoei. At the same time, the Chinese insisted that the Japanese forces should leave the country.



A JAPANESE ARMOURED CAR THAT CAN RUN ON ROADS OR ON RAILWAY LINES: A CAR, FITTED WITH ITS FLANGED METAL TYRES, ON THE RAILS—ITS RUBBER-TYRED RIMS FOR ROAD USE CARRIED AS SPARES.

These two photographs were taken in the railway-yard at Harbin—needless to say, with considerable difficulty—just before the armoured cars shown moved off under their own power to the eastern line of the Chinese Eastern Railroad on March 3. It will be noted that the cars can travel by road or on railway-lines. When they take the road, they run with their wheels fitted with solid rubber tyres and carry flanged metal rims as spares. When they take the rails they run on the flanged wheels and carry the rubber-tyred rims as spares. There were four of these cars in the Harbin yard when the snapshots were made; and each car had its Japanese flag.



A JAPANESE ARMOURED CAR THAT CAN RUN ON ROADS OR ON RAILWAY LINES: A CAR, FITTED WITH ITS RUBBER TYRES, READY FOR THE ROAD—ITS FLANGED METAL RIMS FOR RAIL USE CARRIED AS SPARES.



AFTER THE JAPANESE HAD BOMBED THE CHINESE AIR BASE AT HUNGJAO FROM THE AIR AND PUT IT OUT OF COMMISSION: THE MAIN HANGAR WRECKED BY A DIRECT HIT DURING ONE OF THE TWO RAIDS ON FEBRUARY 23.



AFTER THE JAPANESE HAD BOMBED KIANGWAN FROM THE AIR: THE WRECKED BUILDING OF FUTAN UNIVERSITY, WHICH WOULD SEEM TO HAVE BEEN REGARDED AS A SPECIAL TARGET.

With regard to the first of these two photographs, we quote from the "North China Daily News," Shanghai: "As a result of two air raids carried out by Japanese aeroplanes yesterday morning (i.e., February 23), Hungjao aerodrome was wrecked and put out of commission as an air base. The bombing started at 9.30 a.m., when five naval and military machines, escorted by three fighting planes, from the Yangtszeopoo aerodrome of the Japanese forces, attacked the Hungjao field, dropping about a dozen bombs on the hangars and adjoining workshops. At 10.30 a.m., six more bombers, escorted by three fighting planes, completed the work of destruction, dropping several more bombs. The number of casualties is unknown... The Chinese apparently demonstrated no resistance. A fire broke out."

CEREMONIAL IN INDIA: OCCASIONS PRINCELY AND VICEREGRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOURNE AND SHEPHERD.



A HINDU STATE WEDDING AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT: THE MARRIAGE OF THE RULING CHIEF OF NANDGAON AND THE PRINCESS OF MAYURBHAND.

Nandgaon, it should be noted, is one of the Estates in the Central Provinces. Mayurbhanj is a Feudatory State in Orissa.



AT AN INVESTITURE IN DELHI: THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE VICEROY AND LADY WILLINGDON IN FULL DRESS.

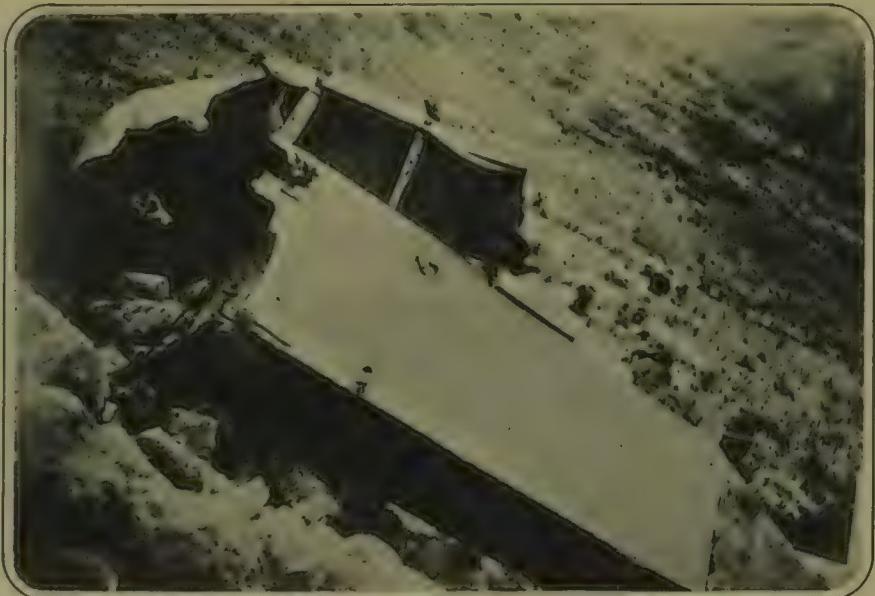
Lord Willingdon, here seen at a recent Investiture, drove in State from the Viceroy's House, Delhi, on March 28, and opened the eleventh annual session of the Chamber of Princes. The keenest interest was taken in his speech, and, of course, more particularly in the references to federation.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:

NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

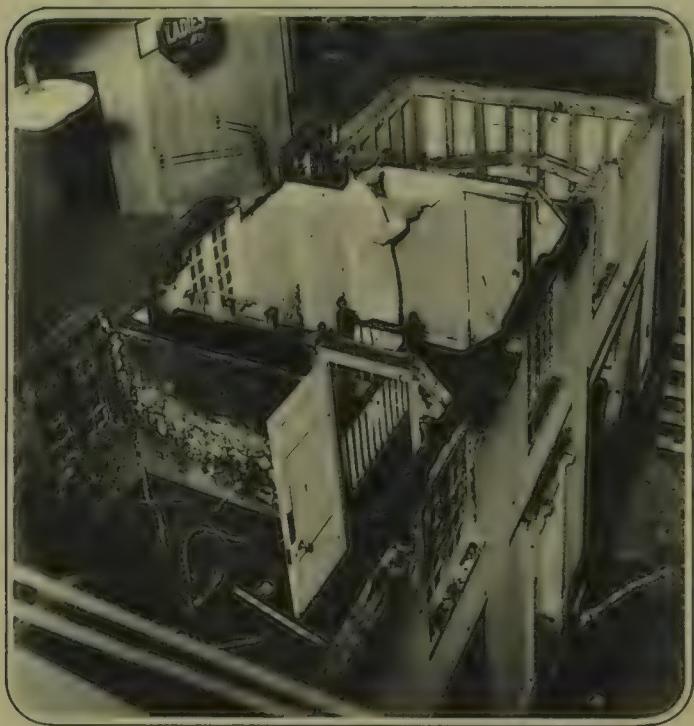


FURNITURE FROM PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S MINIATURE HOUSE THAT ESCAPED THE FIRE: KITCHEN FITTINGS, INCLUDING GAS-BOILER, GAS-COOKER, AND SINK—WITH STRAW FOR RE-THATCHING THE ROOF.



A DARING EXPERIMENT WITH A "CRASH-PROOF" AEROPLANE FUSELAGE: WRECKAGE FROM WHICH THE INVENTOR EMERGED UNHURT AFTER FALLING FROM A HIGH CLIFF.

M. Albert Sauvant, a Frenchman who has invented a "crash-proof" aeroplane, but has been prevented by the police from attempting a deliberate crash of 3000 feet, on March 24 carried out a daring experiment. The police had removed the wheels, under-carriage, and wings. He entered the fuselage at the top of a cliff, and was pushed over the edge. It dropped straight for 70 feet, and then rolled 300 feet down a slope. The outer shell was wrecked, but he emerged unhurt from the inner shell.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S MODEL HOUSE, DAMAGED BY FIRE, UNDER REPAIR FOR THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: THE ROOFLSS BUILDING AT OLYMPIA.

As noted in our last number, the miniature house recently presented to the Duke and Duchess of York, at Cardiff, as a birthday gift to Princess Elizabeth from the people of Wales, was afterwards damaged by fire, near Monmouth, on the road to London. The thatched roof was destroyed, but the interior sustained little injury, while the furniture and fittings escaped, being in a separate lorry. The house was taken to Olympia, where it was hoped to repair it in time for the Ideal Home Exhibition (on April 4). It will then be handed over to the Princess on her sixth birthday, April 21, for erection at her parents' new home in Windsor Park.



AFTER THE FIRE THAT DESTROYED THE ROOF: THE DAMAGED STAIRCASE OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S MINIATURE HOUSE.



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT AT WHIPSNADE: A MALE BRUSH TURKEY MAKING A "MOULD" (NEST) FOR HIS MATE.

An unusual feature in the bird sanctuary at the Whipsnade "Zoo," near Dunstable, is the brush turkey making a "mould," or nest, on which his mate may lay eggs. The mould is constructed of dried leaves and grass, into a pile 4 to 5 feet high. After depositing her eggs, the female waits for the sun to hatch them. They are uncovered during the day and covered up at night.



THE HAYDN BI-CENTENARY: A BASS-VIOL SAID TO HAVE BEEN HIS. The bi-centenary of Haydn's birth is to be observed by a Festival at Oxford in May. This bass-viol is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.—Photograph by Courtesy of the Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)



AN EGYPTIAN PARALLEL TO THE ROYAL DRIVE AT ASCOT: KING FUAD AT A GHEZIREH RACE-MEETING.

It is interesting to note that one of the most picturesque moments of the English "season," the appearance of the Royal Procession on the course at Ascot, has an Egyptian counterpart, which we here illustrate. King Fuad is seen in his carriage at a recent race-meeting at the Ghezireh Sporting Club. On this occasion he was accompanied by the Premier, and escorted by the royal mounted bodyguard.



THE WAR OFFICE EXPERIMENTAL CONVOY IN EGYPT AND THE SUDAN: VEHICLES IN TYPICAL TERRAIN NEAR EDFU. The War Office recently received from Khartum a satisfactory account of the progress of the military motor convoy planned to travel from Cairo to the Southern Sudan and back. All the vehicles of the convoy have run well, and no mechanical defects were reported, although when they left Cairo they were overloaded by eight or nine hundredweight each.



THE NEW GREAT SEAL OF SOUTH AFRICA, LATELY HANDED OVER BY

THE KING. At Buckingham Palace on March 21, the King handed over the new Great Seal of the Union of South Africa to Mr. te Water, the South African High Commissioner. His Majesty received Mr. te Water in his private apartments, and the Seal was handed over without any ceremonial. The name of the Union is given in both English and Dutch in the inscription.



THE GOETHE CENTENARY: A GERMAN COMMEMORATIVE THREE-MARK PIECE.

The centenary of Goethe's death, celebrated on March 22, was fully illustrated by us in our last number with a series of unusual and intimate lights on the life of that great poet. The coin illustrated here bears Goethe's head in profile on the obverse, and the German eagle and inscriptions on the reverse.

THE MONTE ALBAN TREASURES:

Remarkable Finds in "The Tomb of the Chiefs," the Richest Burial-place in America.

The Discovery Described for "The Illustrated London News" by DON ALFONSO CASO, the Director of the Excavations and Head of the Department of Archaeology in the National Museum of Mexico.

(SEE ALSO OUR FRONT PAGE AND PAGES 512 AND 513.)

TO the west of the city of Oaxaca, forming a salient which projects into the valley in which is situated the present city of Oaxaca—founded by the Spaniards under the name of Antequera—there is a series of hills difficult of access and running to heights of about 2,000 feet. On these hills the ancient native inhabitants of Oaxaca set up a great ceremonial city which the Mixtecas used to call Yucucui (Green Mountain) and we know as Monte Alban (White Mountain).

Monte Alban would appear to have been very important strategically, being located on the frontier of the territory occupied by the two most important tribes of the region of Oaxaca—the Mixtecas, with a culture closely akin to that of the High Plateau of Mexico; and the Zapotecas, whose culture seems more related to the Maya civilisations of Central America. These two races fought fiercely for the possession of the district and, above all, for the fertile valleys of Oaxaca; and the Spanish Conquest found them still engaged in a sanguinary contest. To-day, Mixtecas and Zapotecas live in adjoining villages on the slopes of Monte Alban, and my labourers were recruited from the villages of Xoxo and San Martin; the former Mixtec and the latter Zapotec.

In addition to those innumerable pyramidal temples, the terraces and the platforms, which transformed the whole mountain into a man-made work, there are very numerous tombs in the region, as though the original inhabitants of the city had considered the site to be markedly sacred and peculiarly suitable for eternal repose. Before I began my task, many other archaeologists had realised the interesting features of Monte Alban, and excavations, more or less scientifically conducted, had revealed the importance of the zone for those seeking knowledge of the history of America.

In a book which I called "Las Estelas Zapotecas," I endeavoured some years ago to deal systematically with the hieroglyphic inscriptions on certain large steles which decorated monuments on Monte Alban. I then noted that the material in our possession was insufficient; and I undertook the task of procuring funds that would make it possible to undertake a series of scientific investigations on Monte Alban. The Secretariat of Public Education, the Pan-American Institute of Geography and History, the National University of Mexico, and some private persons furnished me with the necessary sum—about 5000 dollars—and I began my explorations in October 1931.

Several very significant discoveries were made at the very outset—chief of them a large flight of steps, 40 metres in width, which we found in the building called the North Platform; numerous damaged human figures cut in stone; and abundant ceramic remains. But, without doubt, the most valuable discovery during this first season of my work was that of the nine tombs we examined at Monte Alban. These tombs are not of equal value; some had been plundered by treasure-seekers, and others, though intact, were rather poor, and contained nothing but a few mud vessels. Two of these tombs (those I call Nos. 3 and 4) are notable principally for their architecture. Tomb No. 3 is cruciform in shape, like the tombs of another Zapotec site close at hand, the famous city of Mitla. Tomb No. 4, complicated in plan and interesting architecturally, had been ransacked, and we found it to have become a refuge for bats. On the other hand, Tomb No. 7—which has been popularly called "La Tumba de los Caciques" (the Tomb of the Caciques; the Chiefs)—proved to be the richest yet encountered in the Continent of America.

HOW I DISCOVERED "LA TUMBA DE LOS CACIQUES."

On one side of the road which leads to Monte Alban rise small hillocks which are not mere accumulations of soil, in that their tops present the remains of constructions. Having studied the region before, I was able to locate an important cemetery there, and we explored four tombs. In particular, the hillock adjoining the road attracted our attention, owing to its large proportions and the ruins of walls which were visible in the upper part, and suggested to us the idea that the mound ought to contain an important tomb.

must be unusually rich. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of January 9 when, at last, we reached the vault and were able to remove one of the stones of which it was constructed. A rapid inspection of the interior assured me that the tomb had not been ransacked. The opening we had made was so narrow that it was difficult for me to pass through it; and, therefore, my assistant, Señor Juan Valenzuela, descended and, lighting up the interior with an electric torch, examined the tomb for the first time. He could not repress exclamations of enthusiasm! I descended later, and could see the gold and the jade shining in the torch light. The ground was covered with plates which had become detached from the mosaics of turquoise; and in the centre of the tomb stood out the white shape of a large alabaster vessel.

Rapidly we measured the length of the tomb, in order to determine the position of the door; and then, closing the opening we had made, we proceeded with our excavations. At three o'clock on the morning of the following day, I was able to enter the tomb by means of the door; and I collected thirty-six gold objects which were conspicuous. The exploration of the tomb took seven days. My wife and I and my two assistants, Señores Martín Bazán and Juan Valenzuela, worked as many as fourteen hours a day, surveying and making plans, and numbering and cataloguing the objects and the bones.

At least seven great notables, among whom, in all probability, were a priest and a princess, had been buried in this tomb. From the position of the bones, it was evident that the bodies had been seated on small heaps of stones; but, unfortunately, the dead had not been embalmed, and the bones themselves had almost perished owing to the humidity of the soil.

Only what was made of stone, metal, or bone had been preserved. The rich cloaks and feather adornments, the wooden masks, and so forth, had disappeared, had been transformed into dust; but, on the other hand, there remained, as proof of the wealth and power of the interred notables, the necklaces and the diadems, the rings, the bracelets, and the belt-buckles of gold, silver, jade, clear amber, jet, shells and pearls; the alabaster and rock-crystal vessels; the turquoise breast-plates; and the history of warriors and the magic symbols of priests engraved with unexcelled art upon the bones of sacred animals.

In view of the position of the interred remains, and of the comparative unimportance of the tomb itself in comparison with the magnificence it contained, and also because relics of a more primitive interment were found, it is my belief that we have here a case of rapid burial in an enemy country. The hieroglyphs which decorate the bones and the gold plates are characteristically Mixtec, while the stone placed to close the opening in the vault which those responsible for the interment had used as an exit after they had sealed the door from within was wrenched from a Zapotec tomb, which proves to us that the Mixtec occupation of Monte Alban—or, at least, one of the Mixtec occupations, if there were several—was later than that of the Zapotecs.

The objects discovered in Tomb No. 7 demonstrate that a great and complex civilisation existed among the native peoples of Mexico: the Conquistadores did not exaggerate when they described the marvels of the Treasure of Montezuma. In Tomb No. 7 of Monte Alban there were over five hundred objects fashioned with exquisite artistry. I trust that for the second season of work I shall be able to count upon such financial support by private persons that I shall be in a position to reveal to the world further relics of this magnificent civilisation.



AT THE MONTE ALBAN SITE, WHICH YIELDED MUCH TREASURE AND THE RICHEST TOMB EVER FOUND ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT: THE GREAT STAIRWAY OF THE NORTH PLATFORM.

The great flight of steps, we are informed by Don Alfonso Caso, dates from three epochs. It is forty metres (43½ yards) wide. The bases of the supporting walls are decorated with panels. Behind the stairway are seen hillocks which are now being excavated and are expected to reveal the remains of temples. Most of the tombs discovered were found about 500 metres (546½ yards) north of the steps.

Photograph supplied to "The Illustrated London News" by Don Alfonso Caso, Director of the Excavations.

Having first of all determined the original form of the hillock, we proceeded to cut a trench in the upper part of it, with the object of bringing the tomb to light. At a little depth we came across a necklace and two ornaments for the ears, made of jade of excellent quality. During

to the humidity of the soil. Only what was made of stone, metal, or bone had been preserved. The rich cloaks and feather adornments, the wooden masks, and so forth, had disappeared, had been transformed into dust; but, on the other hand, there remained, as proof of the wealth and power of the interred notables,



FOUND ON THE MONTE ALBAN SITE: TWO SMALL ROWS OF PEARLS AND THREE ALABASTER CUPS; THAT ON THE LEFT WITH HIEROGLYPHS ON ITS BASE; THAT ON THE RIGHT WITH SERPENT-HEAD FEET.

Photograph supplied to "The Illustrated London News" by Don Alfonso Caso.

our delving at other tombs in the Zapotec region, we encountered frequently human or canine remains, and some vessels outside the tomb, as though bearing witness to tomb guardians; but, of course, the objects accompanying such guardians are very inferior in quality to those which rest within the tomb. Despite the fact that we had not found human remains at Tomb No. 7, the discovery of the necklace and the ear ornaments, worked in so fine a jade, made me jump to the conclusion that the interior of the tomb

THE MONTE ALBAN TREASURES PHOTOGRAPHED
SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



A MASK OF BEATEN GOLD: A PEGLIARLY INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE TREASURES DISCOVERED BY THE EXCAVATORS WORKING AT MONTE ALBAN, NEAR OAXACA, IN MEXICO.

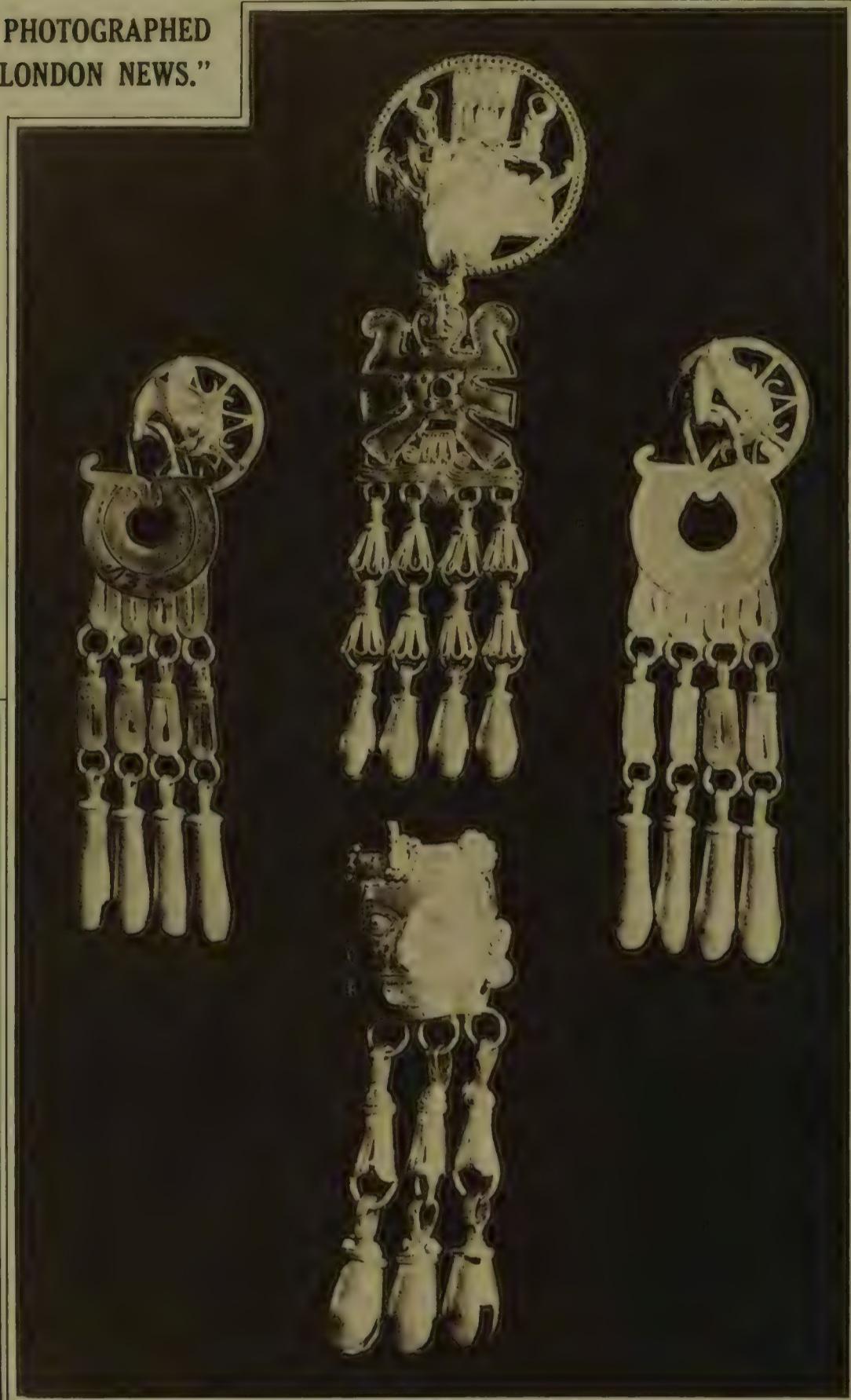


A GOLD PENDANT: AN ORNAMENT SHOWING A NATIVE GAME OF BALL IN WHICH THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES WERE SYMBOLISED (TOP); THE SUN (NEXT); A FLINT KNIFE REPRESENTING THE MOON (NEXT); AND THE EARTH. (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.)

OUR readers will recall that we gave in our issues of February 6 and 13 last certain preliminary photographs dealing with the remarkable finds on the Monte Alban site, near Oaxaca, Mexico, by archaeologists working under Don Alfonso Caso, Head of the Department of Archaeology in the National Museum of Mexico. We are particularly glad, therefore, to be able to publish in this number an authoritative article specially written for us by Don Caso, and the revelatory illustrations reproduced here, all of which were taken for publication in our paper. As to the discoveries made, it is evident that they are of very unusual importance. "The Tomb of the Chiefs" ("La Tumba de los Caciques," as it has been called locally) yielded over five hundred objects fashioned with

[Continued on right of opposite page.]

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY DON ALFONSO CASO, THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 511.)

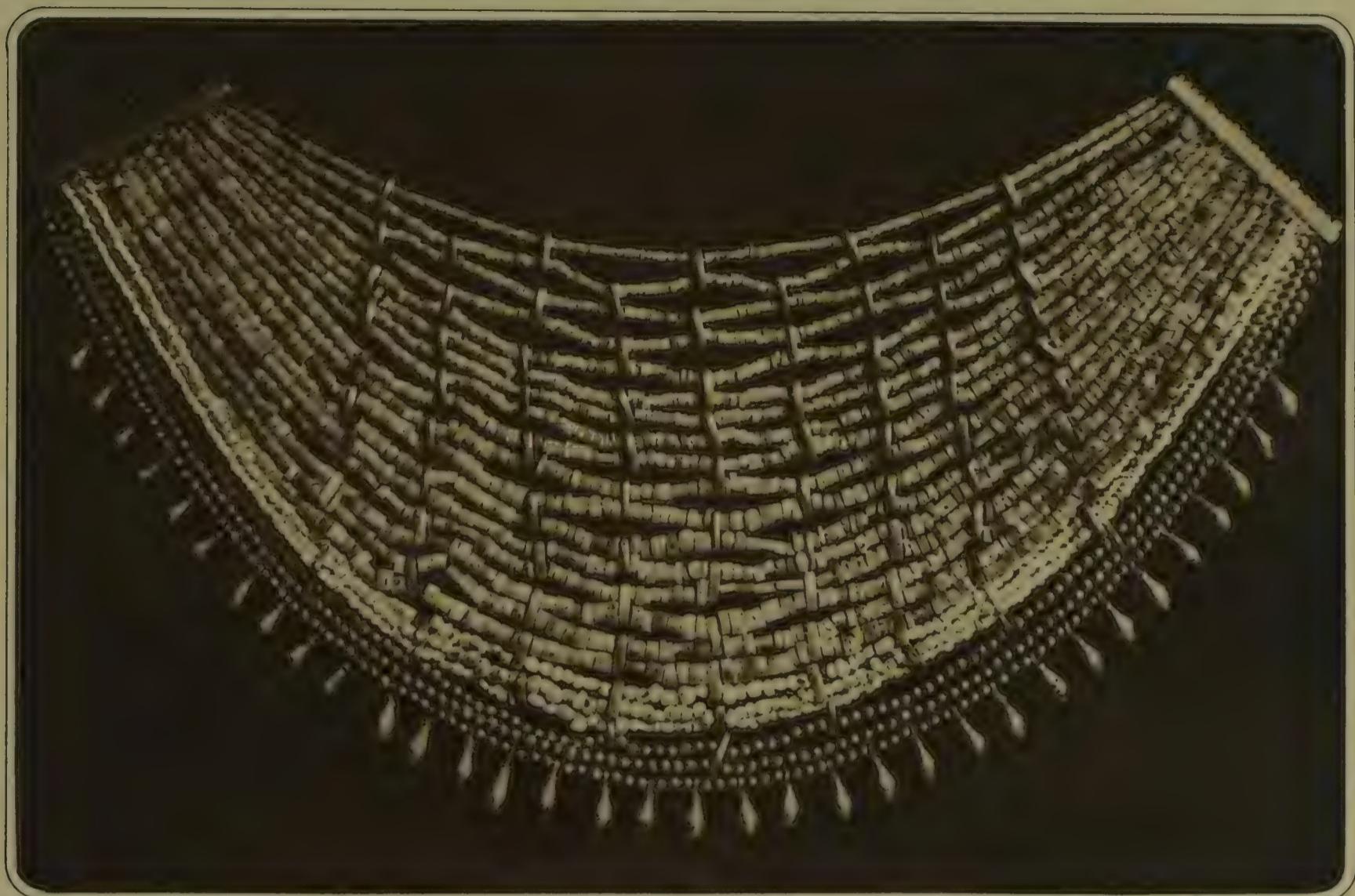


GOLD LIP PENDANTS: ORNAMENTS SHOWING A SWOOPING EAGLE WITH A BUTTERFLY IN ITS BEAK (TOP); HEADS OF EAGLES EMERGING FROM THE DISC OF THE SUN AND ALSO MOON SYMBOLS (LEFT AND RIGHT); AND A HUMAN HEAD. (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.)



DECORATED BONES—THE ONE AT THE TOP BEARING REPRESENTATIONS OF GODS AND ANIMALS; THE ONE IN THE CENTRE ILLUSTRATING THE FIRST TWELVE DAYS OF THE RITUAL CALENDAR, RUNNING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT INSTEAD OF THE MORE CUSTOMARY RIGHT TO LEFT; AND THE THIRD EMBELLISHED WITH THE YEARS "REED," "RABBIT," "HOUSE," AND "FLINT."

THE MONTE ALBAN TREASURES SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS PAPER.



A NECKLACE AKIN TO THOSE SEEN IN MIXTEC MANUSCRIPTS RECONSTRUCTED FROM MATERIAL DISCOVERED IN THE TOMB OF THE CHIEFS AT MONTE ALBAN, THE RICHEST BURIAL-PLACE EVER FOUND IN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT: AN ORNAMENT OF GOLD BEADS AND GOLD BELLS (LOWER ROWS), PEARLS (NEXT), SHELLS (NEXT), AND TURQUOISES; WITH A GOLD CLASP.



NECKLACES AND EAR ORNAMENTS FOUND ON THE MONTE ALBAN SITE—THE CENTRE NECKLACE OF TURQUOISES; THE OTHER NECKLACES AND THE EAR ORNAMENTS OF JADE.

Continued from above on right.

Continued from previous page.]

exquisite artistry and in precious materials. To quote the article on page 511: "Only what was made of stone, metal, or bone had been preserved. The rich cloaks and feather adornments, the wooden masks, and so forth, had disappeared, been transformed into dust; but, on the other hand, there remained, as proof of the wealth and power of the interred notables, the necklaces and the diadems, the rings, the bracelets, and the belt-buckles of gold, silver, jade, clear amber, jet, shells, and pearls; the alabaster and rock-crystal vessels; the turquoise breastplates; and the history of warriors and the magic symbols of priests engraved with unexcelled art upon the bones of sacred animals." Again to quote the discoverer: "My assistant, Señor Juan Valenzuela, descended and, lighting up the interior with an electric torch, examined the tomb for the first time. He could not repress exclamations of enthusiasm! I descended later and could see the gold and jade shining in the torch light. The ground was covered with plates which had become detached from the mosaics of

[Continued below on left.]



A LARGE GOLD NECKLACE OF ELONGATED BEADS TO WHICH BELLS ARE ATTACHED: A FINE ORNAMENT WHICH IS ONE OF THE TREASURES DISCOVERED BY EXCAVATORS AT MONTE ALBAN.

**The First
Royal Maundy
Distributed
Personally by
the Sovereign
since the
Reign of
James II:
A Historic
Event in
Westminster
Abbey.**

FOR the first time since the reign of James II., the ancient ceremony of distribution of the Royal Maundy from the Sovereign's own hand was performed by the King in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, March 24. In this photograph his Majesty is seen standing just beyond and to the left of a tall round table (at the foot of the Sacraum steps) covered with a white cloth and bearing a golden dish filled with red and white purses. On either side of the aisle are recipients of the royal bounty—on the left elderly men, to whom the King is handing the purses, and on the right a line of women. The Queen is seen standing in the Sacraum in the right background. Their Majesties arrived for the occasion each carrying a bouquet of white flowers—a custom recalling the days when the ceremony included the washing of the feet of the poor, which now served the same purpose as those then used by Judges in the law courts. The arrival of the King and Queen was followed by a procession, with a Yeoman of the Guard bearing on his head the great golden dish. The principal members of the procession also carried white bouquets. The service began with the words which probably gave its name to the Royal Maundy—"A new commandment (mandatum) have I given unto you." The first Lesson told, from St. John's Gospel, the story of the washing of the feet. After a distribution of alms by the Lord High Almoner (the Dean of Westminster), envelopes of money in lieu of alms were King in person handed to the recipients the purses from the gold dish. Each red purse contained £1 in gold and 30s. in lieu of provisions, formerly given in kind. Each white purse held as many pence as there are years in the King's age, given in newly minted pieces of one, two, three, and four pences, representing the balance of the Maundy. His Majesty was attended by the Secretary of the Royal Almony, carrying his white bouquet.



THE ABBEY CEREMONY: THE KING (BEYOND CENTRE TABLE) DISTRIBUTING THE ROYAL MAUNDY, WHILE THE QUEEN (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND) LOOKS ON.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

COSTUME, COLOUR, AND DESIGN.

If we survey the range of current productions in our theatres to-day and take account of those already in preparation, the most obvious manifestation is the conquering invasion of colour and costume and the emphasis on design in stage decoration. The experiment, in the nature of a novelty, of putting

in such large-scale productions, is ultimately for the theatre's good. Obviously, you could not take "Helen!" with all her spectacular glories undimmed, on the road. The answer is that, first, historically considered, the spectacle is as old as the masque in the English theatre, and has therefore a legitimate

forth into more glamorous experiences. It should be remembered that man is probably unique among the animals in possessing this urge to do exciting things for their own sake, to stamp himself out of the common herd. And Western civilisations have always adored the adventurer, from Grettir, the outlaw, to Sir Malcolm Campbell with his "Blue Bird." It has always been recognised that starving the adventurous nature of man is the surest way to make him moody, sullen, and vicious. It is a disposition which, of course, can, if wrongly directed, work anti-socially, just as, when serving society, it becomes a factor of human progress. Outlets for these emotions, palliatives for these stresses, have been devised, so that the normal workings of society should not be disturbed. The gladiatorial displays of Ancient Rome, the tournaments of the Middle Ages, the masques of the Elizabethans, the popular literature, kinemas and theatres, and great public spectacles such as the Grand National, all serve this function. They provide excitement and escape into a more adventurous or glamorous sphere. I do not for one moment suggest that this is the sole function of the theatre, for when genuine drama is achieved, when the heart-strings are tugged and the mind is wakened, something far more than a palliative is provided.

The artist should be a productive adventurer in the theatre, and so key up excitement. "The Cat and the Fiddle" may be as romantically impossible as the cow jumping over the moon in the nursery rhyme, but is not that why we enjoy it? "The Green Pack" may be a thriller that owes its life to the footlights, but we enjoy the adventure. Entertainment is an adventure because it releases us from the tyrannies of fact. Just as the mountaineer dares the cliffs for the "fun of the thing," so the public goes to the theatre primarily to satisfy the same impulse. Let the playwright first recognise this, and his play will escape dulness; and in its presentation let the artist, whose privilege it is to interpret, bring excited interest to his task. Where display is the intention, as in spectacle, then colour and costume and all the resources of the stage equipment are fully justified if they achieve the glamorous enchantment which cheats an evening of its monotony. If something more abiding, with substance to enlist both heart and mind, is to achieve its full purpose—and this is only the gift of genius—the same harmony between



"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: AN AUDITION IN SHIRLEY'S APARTMENT, ONE OF THE TWO LOVERS AND RIVAL COMPOSERS.

Of the two lovers and rival composers in "The Cat and the Fiddle," Victor's work is of a "highbrow" nature, while that of Shirley conforms more to the idea of fashionable jazz. The characters seen here are (l. to r.) Angie (Gina Malo), Alexander (Fred Conyngham), Shirley (Peggy Wood), and Clement Daudet, the theatrical producer (Austin Trevor).

on Shakespeare in modern dress has served its purpose, and, for the present, has been abandoned in favour of the traditional manner. The period play has found a welcome, and at the Duchess, historical drama, enriching itself with Holbein inspirations in costume, attracts the public. The ill-starred "Punchinello" did not lack appreciation for its brilliantly gay designs and decorative assets, and the reasons for its withdrawal are to be found outside its settings. At the Prince of Wales's and at the Royalty, two entirely different pieces, "Below the Surface" (transferring to the Apollo) and "While Parents Sleep," with nothing in common, are alike in the fact that both enliven their stage and give individuality to their different moods by employing the uniforms of the Royal Navy. In fashionable drawing-room comedy, such as we get at the Haymarket or the Ambassadors, the art of the dressmaker gives distinction to the characterisation, adding subtle pleasures of expressive grace. Musical comedy has always taken full advantage of the charms and delights which a bright array of pretty frocks and arresting colour-schemes can lend, and, discounting the changing technique and altered approach, "San Toy" shares with the most modern of musical plays this reliance on costume, colour, and design. "For the Love of Mike" may dispense with the chorus, but it does not dispense with the costumier, and "Derby Day" embroiders the sparkling wit of Mr. A. P. Herbert with the animated joyousness of vivacious designs as witty in their execution as the text.

As yet, I have said nothing of the remarkable spectacular productions which have brought their vivid glories to the stage and dominated the year. The Tyrol, with its romantic associations and picturesque endowments, charmingly realised in "Autumn Crocus," provided a wealth of opportunities which Mr. Erik Charell amply and artistically captured in a panorama of striking effectiveness in "White Horse Inn"; while all the glamour, enchantment, and gaiety of old Vienna are brilliantly compressed into the spectacular and musical delights of Mr. Hassard Short's production of "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra. But nowhere has the variety, the movement, the imaginative use of colour and costume, and the development which is design been more finely or more poignantly employed than in "Cavalcade"—a parade over thirty years of history which, through the genius of Mr. Noel Coward, becomes drama as well as spectacle.

It may be asked whether this elaboration of scenic device, this exhaustive use of the theatre's resources, this costly presentation which is necessarily involved

place on the stage; and secondly, we live in times when communication is easy and swift, so that, since the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. The public which elects to go and see the forthcoming productions of "The Miracle" at the Lyceum or "Casanova" at the Coliseum will be the public which has already enjoyed the spectacles now in the theatre—a wide, far-flung public not confined to Londoners, but embracing all who visit the great Metropolis. The innovation of costume and colour and the growing tendency to give the costume-designer and the decorative artist more room on the stage is one to be encouraged. Taste, to-day, is more discriminating and more exacting, and patrons of the theatre, not uninfluenced by the cinema, are no longer content with shabby, shoddy, unimaginative production. Just as in the world without the theatre greater attention is being given to design and the right use of colour, so inside the theatre these factors cannot be neglected. It is, perhaps, the chief contribution of the expressionist technique in production that, by the judicious use of colour, grouping, and lighting, imaginative and expressive effects can be secured without heavy expenditure.

After all, there is something adventurous in the use of colour and costume, something of individuality and assertion, and in these gradgrind times of monotonous routine, men need an opportunity to fare

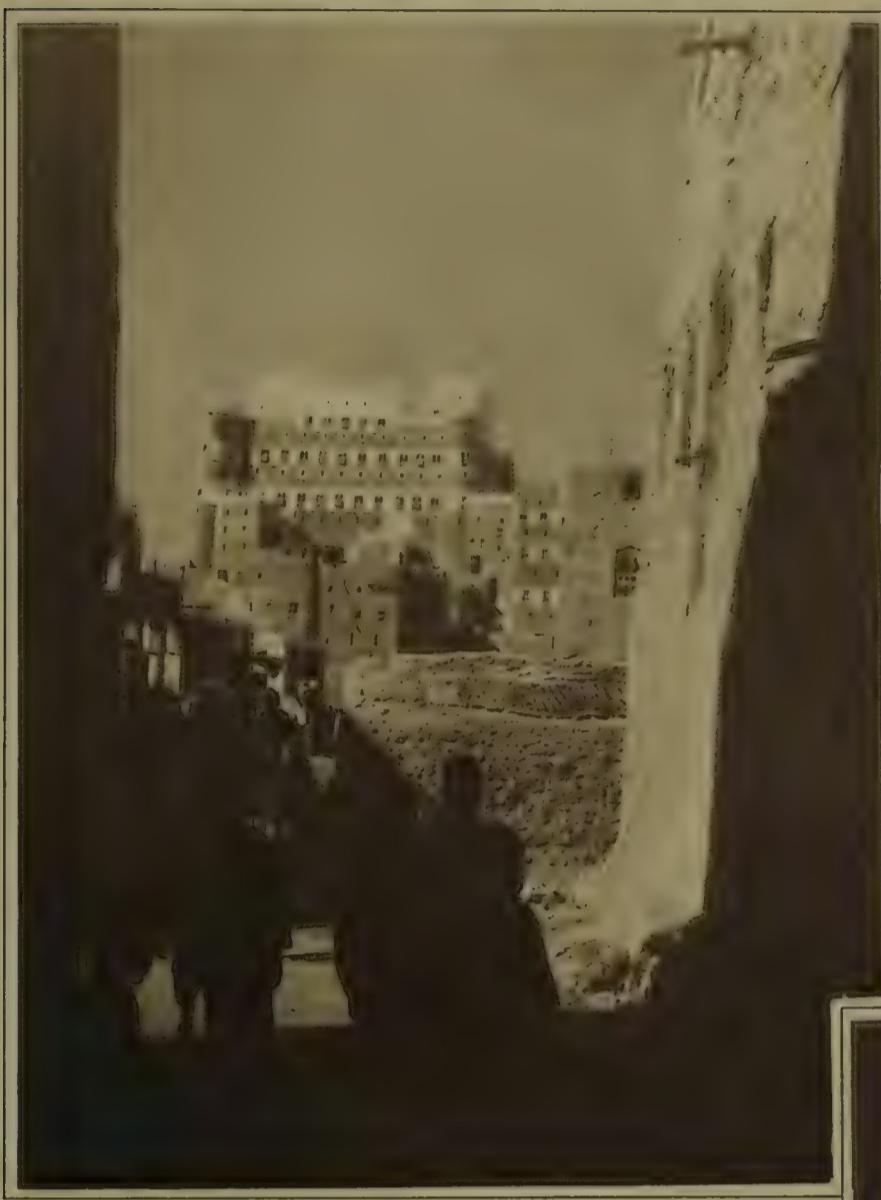


A SCENE FROM "SEE NAPLES AND DIE": ELMER RICE'S "EXTRAVAGANT COMEDY," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

The characters seen here are (l. to r.) Bernard Nedell as Charles Carroll, Olive Blakeney as Nanette Kosoff, H. Saxon-Snell as Hugo von Klaus, Antony Holles as Ivan Ivanavitch Kosoff, Peggy Carter as Hjordis de' Medici; Ronald Simpson as Basil Rowlinson, Natalie Lynn as Lucy Evans; and (behind) Alfred Atkins as the Bearded Chess-Player and E. W. Greenhill as the First Chess-Player.

theme and expression, between the play and its interpretation, must be echoed on the stage as sounded in the creator's mind. Then, indeed, in the presence of such artistic unity, audience and stage become one.

A NEW JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTHERN ARABIA:
THE HADRAMAUT AND ITS WONDER CITIES.



"DAZZLINGLY WHITE HOUSES AS HIGH AS SKYSCRAPERS": REMARKABLE ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTHERN ARABIA (AS ILLUSTRATED BY AIR PHOTOGRAPHS IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 4, 1932).



THE HOME OF AN ARABIAN POTENTATE WHOSE CITY, IT IS SAID, IS NOT FOUND ON ANY MAP: THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF WADI DOAN.



A QUIET STREET IN SEYUN: TYPICAL ARCHITECTURE IN ONE OF THE REMOTE CITIES OF SOUTHERN ARABIA VISITED BY HERR HANS HELFRITZ.

The interesting photographs given on this and the next three pages illustrate a journey in the Hadramaut, in Southern Arabia, by a young German traveller, Herr Hans Helfritz, who lately returned to Berlin. In this connection we may recall that anxiety was expressed recently for the safety of Mr. H. St. John Philby, the famous British explorer, of whom no news had been received since he started early in January from Hasa, on the Persian Gulf, for the remote oasis of Jabrin, intending



A MINARET AMID THE NARROW STREETS OF DAMUN, A PICTURESQUE TOWN OF LOFTY BUILDINGS IN SOUTHERN ARABIA: LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN BOLD CONTRAST.

to cross that immense desert, the Rub'al Khali, from east to west, emerging somewhere on the southern coast of the Hadramaut. Such a journey, is described as longer and more arduous than that made last year by Mr. Bertram Thomas, the first white man to cross the great desert. Mr. Philby's expedition was largely financed and equipped by King Ibn Saud, of the Hejaz and Nejd, to whom he is adviser. He was provided with fifteen trained Arab assistants for survey work and collecting scientific specimens; an escort of picked men, good camels, and rations for four and a half months. They hope to reach the Hadramaut coast before mid-April.

DREAM CITIES OF SOUTHERN ARABIA: ORIENTAL AND

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY HERR HANS HELFIZIT, SUPPLIED BY

AS explained on the previous page, the Hadramaut, in Southern Arabia, is a region of great interest at the present time as the intended goal of a great desert expedition recently organized by Mr. H. St. John Philby. The above photographs were taken by a German traveler, Herr Hans Helfritz. "Arabia," he writes, "is seven times the size of Germany, is perhaps the only country in the world where hundreds of thousands of square kilometres are still entirely unexplored. By chance I was acquainted with the Sultan of Makalla, a highly cultured and intelligent man, who invited me to visit him and the land of Hadramaut, one of the last of southern principalities situated on the Gulf of Aden. Makalla is a coast town of about 30,000 inhabitants. There is not a single European in the whole country. I reached Makalla, with my host the (Continued opposite.)



THE WHITE CASTLE BY THE SEA: THE PICTURESQUE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF MAKALLA, SITUATED NEAR HIS CAPITAL ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ARABIA—THE HOME OF A RULER IN WHOSE KINGDOM THERE IS NOT A SINGLE EUROPEAN.



THE ARRIVAL OF A CARAVAN AT SEYUN: A TYPICAL SCENE OF TRAVEL IN SOUTHERN ARABIA, AT A CITY OF MANY-STORYED BUILDINGS, SOME OF THEM ALMOST SUGGESTIVE OF THE AMERICAN SKYSCRAPER.

"U.S.A. SKYSCRAPER" ARCHITECTURE IN THE HADRAMAUT.

ACADEMIA, BERLIN. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES PRECEDING AND FOLLOWING.)



LIKE "SOMETHING OUT OF A FAIRY TALE" OR A FANTASY OF IMAGINATION: ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CITIES OF UNKNOWN SOUTHERN ARABIA VISITED BY HERR HELFIZIT, WITH ITS PICTURESQUE BACKGROUND OF PRECIPITOUS CRAGS.



THE MAGNIFICENT CASTLE OF THE SULTAN OF SEYUN: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF SOUTHERN ARABIAN ARCHITECTURE, WITH BATTLEMENTED ROOF AND TURRETS RESEMBLING CHURCH TOWERS, GLEAMING AT THE TOP LIKE WHITE MARBLE.

Continued
Sultan, in a little steamer. Unexpected Oriental magnificence greeted me on landing. A salute was fired, and the princes and ministers welcomed the Sultan, who was in his fine golden robe. A motor-boat covered with fine carpets brought us ashore, where thousands of people awaited their ruler. The whole town was decorated. Women stood on roofs and sang in a curious trilling style. The town is very beautiful, lying alongside the sea, with fortress-crowned heights behind. The houses are as high as skyscrapers; I have counted up to ten storeys. In the Sultan's Palace, which looks like something out of a fairy-tale and stands on a hill, a grand reception was held. I was introduced to many distinguished Arabs, who all gave me invitations. The Sultan's old Palace was placed at my disposal."

A LAND OF CHRONIC "LITTLE WARS"
AND WANDERING ROBBER BEDUIN.



TYPICAL OF THE BODYGUARD ASSIGNED TO HERR HELFRITZ ON HIS TRAVELS: A SOLDIER OF THE SULTAN IN THE HADRAMAUT.



UNVEILED—A RARE SIGHT AMONG ARABS: A PEASANT WOMAN (CENTRE) IN A STRANGELY HATTED GROUP AT TERIM, WITH MOTOR-CARS BEYOND.

ARABIAN LIFE IN THE HADRAMAUT:
PICTURESQUE TYPES AND SCENES.



A FISHERMAN WHO HOLDS THE BAIT IN HIS BARE HAND IN THE WATER: PRIMITIVE METHODS IN SOUTHERN ARABIA.



SUGGESTING THE ENTRANCE TO A MEDIEVAL CONVENT: ONE OF MANY CARVED AND DECORATED OLD HOUSE-DOORS IN THE HADRAMAUT.



YOUNG ARABIA: A SOUTHERN TYPE, IN A REGION WHERE ONLY BOYS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO CARRY THE DAGGER AT THE GIRDLE—AS A SIGN OF FREEDOM.



THE CONTEMPLATIVE EAST! A WHITE COW IN A DECORATIVE SETTING—FRAMED IN THE ARCH OF AN ANCIENT DOORWAY.



EVEN THE VILLAGES IN SOUTHERN ARABIA ARE FORTIFIED, AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF BEDUIN ROBBER BANDS: A GROUP OF BUILDINGS OF CASTLE-LIKE ASPECT IN DESERT COUNTRY.

Continuing his story (begun on the preceding pages) Herr Hans Helfritz writes: "The Sultan sent me many servants and two soldiers as a bodyguard. Later I visited Al Kaf, a rich Arab merchant, who owns a palace at Makalla and big hotels in Singapore and Java. He must be fabulously rich, for he alone maintains the town of Terim, the former capital, where he has built a hospital. I went by car to Terim, but only to the foot of the mountains; thence we had to proceed on donkey-back. We had to choose our way according to prevailing conditions, as little wars are always going on. I once stayed in a town which was attacked



ANCIENT RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTHERN ARABIA: THE INTERIOR OF THE OLDEST MOSQUE IN HOREDA, WHERE HERR HELFRITZ DISCOVERED A STONE WITH A RARE INSCRIPTION.

every night by enemy Beduin, and one had to block up one's window at nightfall, as open windows are used as targets. During the day peace reigned, the inhabitants went about their pursuits, and the enemy came into the town and made purchases unmolested. Al Kaf's family was captured by Beduin, and he had to ransom them for 600 thalers. 'Thalers?' I remarked with surprise. They proved to be old Maria Theresa coins. Some of the wild Beduin tribes are supposed to be cannibals. On leaving Terim, we resumed our journey to Seyun and Shibam." The latter town was illustrated in our issue of April 4, 1931, from air-photographs.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



REAR-ADmiral SIR GODFREy PAINE.

Died March 23; aged 60. Was a pioneer of Service Flying and was given command of the Central Flying School of the Naval Wing of the R.F.C. in 1912. Commodore at Cranwell, 1915-1917.



THE BISHOP OF KENSINGTON.

(The Rt. Rev. J. P. Maud.) Died March 21; aged 71. Suffragan Bishop of Kensington since 1911. Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, 1904. Visited South Africa on Missions of Help in 1902 and 1906.



THE CAPE AND THE AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT RECORDS:

MR. MOLLISON (LEFT) AND MR. SCOTT AT LYMPNE. Mr. J. A. Mollison started from Lympne on March 24, in an attempt to make a record flight to South Africa. He landed at Milnerton Beach, about six miles north of Cape Town, on March 28; and beat the record set up by Miss Peggy Salaman and Mr. Gordon Storer by 15 hours. Mr. C. W. A. Scott arranged to leave Lympne about the same time, in an attempt to lower the existing record of eight-and-a-half days for a flight from England to Australia.



DR. R. M. BRONTE.

Dr. Bronte, the well-known pathologist, died on March 22; aged 52. He was celebrated as an expert witness in many trials; notably those of Thorne (executed for the murder of his sweetheart at Crowborough) and Fox (executed for the murder of his mother at Margate). Gave evidence in connection with the unsolved arsenic poisoning case of 1929.



RECALLING A CUSTOM OF LESS CLEANLY DAYS AT THE ROYAL MAUNDY: THE KING AND QUEEN CARRYING SWEET-SMELLING FLOWERS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On the occasion of the recent Royal Maundy (fully described under a striking double-page illustration on pages 514 and 515), each of their Majesties carried a "nosegay" of flowers. This custom recalls the days when the ceremony actually included the washing of the feet of the poor; though Queen Elizabeth, it is said, insisted on the feet of the poor being first washed by the Yeomen of the Laundry with "sweet water." The flowers thus fill the same office as those carried by judges.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CANON J. H. GRAY.

The well-known Cambridge scholar and administrator. Died March 23; aged 75. Held various important offices at Queens' College. Chairman of the Special Board for Classics, 1914-19.



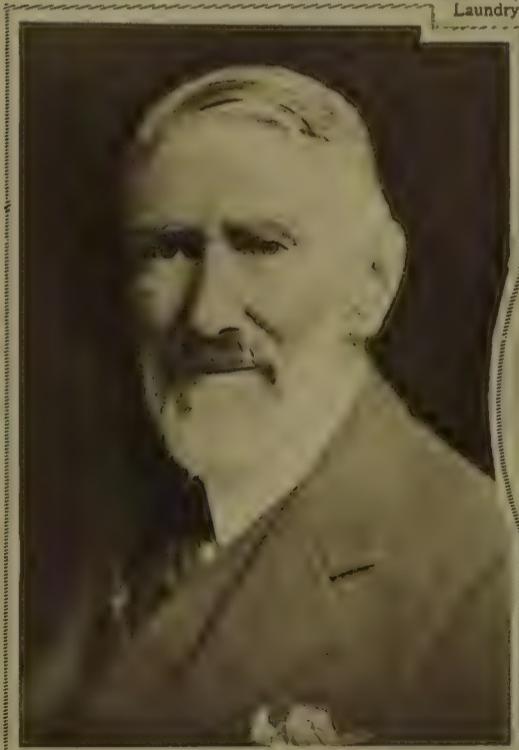
LADY CRITTALL.

Wife of Sir Valentine Crittall. Seriously injured by an explosion in the laundry at her home in Essex; and died on March 23. The ignition of benzine vapour, used in cleaning, was a suggested cause.



SIR FRANK WILLS.

Sir Frank Wills, who died on March 26, aged 80, was Lord Mayor of Bristol 1911-12, and was knighted on the steps of the Council House in Corn Street by the King, when their Majesties visited Bristol to open the new Royal Infirmary in 1912. Sir Frank was a distinguished architect, being responsible for the design of Bristol's Art Gallery.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT IRISHMAN: THE LATE SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

Sir Horace Plunkett, the benefactor of Irish agriculture, died on March 26; aged seventy-seven. At the age of twenty-five he bought a ranch in Montana, and there made a fortune. He returned to Ireland in 1889, an exponent of American ideas in agriculture. In 1894 he became the first President of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. He was elected an F.R.S. in 1902.



THE DEATH OF THE "FATHER OF ENGLISH CRICKET": THE LATE LORD HARRIS.

Lord Harris died on March 24; aged eighty-one. A message of sympathy was received from the King suggesting that grief for his loss would be felt by "all lovers of cricket, in which his skill and personality have won him so eminent a position." He captained Kent from 1875 to 1889. He was Governor of Bombay from 1890 until 1895. He acted as an A.D.C. to King Edward and to King George.



THE DEATH OF A FORMER HEADMASTER OF HARROW: THE LATE DEAN OF YORK.

Dr. Lionel Ford, Dean of York, and former Headmaster of Harrow, died on March 27; aged sixty-six. At Cambridge he took a first in Classics, was president of the Union, and was captain of the University Golf team. He was a master at Eton for thirteen years, and in 1901 became Headmaster of Repton. Nine years later he became Headmaster of Harrow. He was appointed Dean of York in 1926.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE RED-FACED UAKARI MONKEY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AT the last meeting of the Zoological Society I had the good fortune to see, and handle, a small, weird-looking, and exceedingly rare little monkey from the Amazons. Few, indeed, have ever been seen in Europe, and it is many years ago since a living specimen was to be seen in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. This little creature was the "Red-faced Uakari" monkey from the Ega district of the Upper Amazons. The first detailed description we have of this animal is that of the naturalist Bates, and no one seems to have seen it in its native

that has been gleaned as to the haunts and habits of this timid little creature is not sufficient to throw any light on the possible part played by the coloration of the face in one case, or the use of the tail in the other. All we know is that in the first place it has a singularly restricted range, and must be sought far from native villages, and that it is entirely a vegetarian.

There is something associated with this restricted range which challenges investigation. The Amazonian forests present unnumbered thousands of square miles. What are the causes which confine these little monkeys to the forests adjacent to the Japura delta? That is to say, to one small area of a tributary of the Amazon. Why, at any rate, does it not extend along the whole range of the Japura River? But this is not all. There is a closely related species, the white uakari (*Cacajao calvus*), differing chiefly in having a dull white instead of a chestnut-red fur. It is limited to the forests of the banks of the Japura near its principal mouth, where it lives in small troops among the crowns of lofty trees, subsisting on fruits of various kinds.

Bates, during the four years he lived in the haunts of these creatures, seems only to have been aware of the existence of the white uakari. Curiously enough, it seems to be the red uakari, shown in the accompanying photograph, which occasionally finds its way into Europe. It may be that this stands captivity better. But that is not saying much, since it appears to be very short-lived in Zoological Gardens. That there is some subtle and close relationship between viability and environment in the case of both these animals seems to be clearly

shown by a curious incident related by Bates in regard to the white-haired species. When, in 1859, he tells us, he was descending the river, there was a tame uakari on board, which was allowed to ramble at will about the vessel. "When we reached the mouth of the Rio Negro, we had to wait four days . . . and



THE RED-FACED UAKARI: A LITTLE MONKEY WITH REMARKABLE CHARACTERISTICS—NAMELY, LACK OF AN OPPOSABLE THUMB; AND A TAIL BOTH SHORT AND BUSHY, IN CONTRAST TO THE MANY NEW-WORLD MONKEYS WITH TAILS OF GREAT LENGTH.

A red Uakari (*Cacajao rubicundus*) has been presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. Alfred Ezra. As with all the New-World monkeys, the nostrils are set wide apart. The hair, long and rather silky, is of a chestnut red, while the face is of a vivid red colour and presents the smooth texture of a kid glove. Even in their native country, the Uakari monkeys—of which there are two species—are very rare.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

wilds since he himself was collecting in that wonderful naturalist's paradise more than half a century ago.

Attention is just now focussed on this new addition to the Gardens not merely because of its rarity, but because there are many things to be said of it that are worth making note of. At the outset it may be remarked that it has little claim to beauty: for its small body seems to be overburdened by a long and, as it seemed to me the other night, rather untidy-looking silky-haired fur coat of a rusty red colour; while its face looked as though it had been modelled out of a piece of red wax. I should like to qualify the shade of red, but at the moment I am unable to decide for myself (for I saw it only by artificial light) which of two or three very different descriptions is nearest the truth. Thus it has been described by one authority as vermillion red, by another as vivid scarlet, and again as chestnut red. Since all agree that the hue of the face changes with the health and emotional state of the animal, and since no two people probably "see red" in exactly the same way, some allowance for discrepancies in these respects must be made.

It presents other noteworthy features. There is no opposable thumb, such as is usual with monkeys, so that it must be said to have a paw, rather than a hand; though it differs from a paw in having nails in place of claws. The tail, it will be noticed, is short and bushy: which is curious, for in so many of the New-World monkeys the tail is of great length, and in the howler- and spider-monkeys has a prehensile tip. This tail, which is neither the one nor the other, puzzles one. The little

during this time the schooner lay close to the shore, with its bowsprit secured to the trees on the bank. One morning, scarlet-face was missing, having made his escape into the forest. . . . We gave him up for lost, until the following day, when he reappeared on the skirts of the forest and marched quietly down the bowsprit to his usual place on deck. He had evidently found the forests of Rio Negro very different from those of the delta-lands of the Japura, and preferred captivity to freedom in a place that was so uncongenial to him."

One would like to know much more about the mode of life of these two rare monkeys. Why have they such a conspicuously short tail? All the other members of the family to which they belong—the Cebidae—are long-tailed; and in the "howlers," the woolly monkeys, and the spider-monkeys, the tail is prehensile. Why, again, have the uakaris lost the thumb?

By way of contrast, let us turn now to the singular little creatures known as the douroucoulis, or "night apes" (*Aotus*), which are near relations of the uakaris. As the popular name, "night apes," suggests, they are nocturnal in habits. Hence the large, full eyes. One



THE SKULL OF THE NIGHT APE OR DOUROCOULI: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CLEARLY THE ENORMOUS EYE-SOCKETS—THE EYE-BALL BEING SO LARGE THAT IT FILLS THE WHOLE CAVITY, ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT APPEAR TO DO SO IN THE LIVING ANIMAL.

would have expected, however, to see large ears; but these are so small as to be hidden in the fur. The tail is long, but not prehensile. These strange little animals, so different in appearance from the uakaris, are yet found in the same region, though, it is to be noted, they haunt the higher and drier areas of the forest, spending the day in holes in trees, and emerging at night to feed on insects and fruits. At such times they break the stillness of the night by a hoarse cry like the suppressed barking of a dog. They are highly sociable, a number crowding together to occupy the same cavity. And they are also light sleepers, and extremely curious, so much so that any unusual noise at the foot of their retreat brings them at once to the entrance-hole, when half-a-dozen protruding heads may be seen at once, bent in investigation. But this is their undoing; for the natives devise this means of making them betray their hiding-places.

If caught young, and tenderly handled, they make most amusing pets, and by the natives and white settlers are allowed the run of the house, keeping it free of vermin of all kinds. Though not flesh-eaters, they are said, however, to drive out bats, as well as cockroaches, spiders, and other undesirables. While notes on the habits of captive species must always be used with caution, they are yet extremely valuable and important. Much, indeed, of real value could be derived from a careful study of the habits of the little uakari which has just come to us at the London "Zoo," compared with the douroucouli, which is also to be found at the Gardens, though whether any are there at the present moment I cannot say.



A NIGHT APE (*AOTUS FELINUS*)—AN ANIMAL WHICH IS FAIRLY COMMON IN THE REGION INHABITED BY THE UAKARI, BUT IS ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT FROM THE LATTER IN APPEARANCE: A NOCTURNAL SPECIES WITH LARGE EYES.

The Night Apes range from Nicaragua, southwards, to the North-East Argentine, and are fairly common in the region inhabited by the Uakari; though, it is to be noted, they haunt the higher and drier areas of the forest.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

MOTHERS WHO ARE THEIR OWN "PERAMBULATORS"!

RAT-KANGAROOS—AND POUCHED YOUNG—IN ENGLAND.



A RAT-KANGAROO THAT HAS NEVER LEFT THE POUCH PEEPING OUT WHILE ITS MOTHER IS FEEDING : A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ITS PRACTICALLY HAIRLESS HEAD.



THE MOTHER RAT-KANGAROO AND HER YOUNGSTER A MONTH LATER: THE LATTER STILL IN THE POUCH, BUT NOW WITH HAIR ON ITS FACE; AND BEGINNING TO TEST ITS TEETH ON A PAPER BAG.



HOW THE RAT-KANGAROO FEEDS: THE ANIMAL WITH A BANANA, WHICH GIVES AN IDEA OF ITS SIZE.



A FEMALE RAT-KANGAROO WITH HER OFFSPRING LOOKING OUT OF HER POUCH: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE YOUNGSTER WAS FINALLY TURNED OUT BY THE MOTHER; AND EMPHASISING THE GROWTH OF HAIR ON ITS HEAD, AS WELL AS ITS ACTIVE INTEREST IN SOLID FOOD.



A MOTHER RAT-KANGAROO WITH HER POUCH PARTIALLY CLOSED, BUT WITH HER YOUNGSTER'S NOSE AND TAIL STILL PROTRUDING AND EASILY VISIBLE.

REMARKABLE EVIDENCE OF THE LARGE-SIZED YOUNGSTER THAT A MOTHER RAT-KANGAROO CAN ACCOMMODATE: A YOUNGSTER (RIGHT) ENTERING THE POUCH, FROM WHICH, HOWEVER, IT WAS EXCLUDED TWO DAYS LATER; AND A MALE (LEFT).

The fact that the rat-kangaroos here seen were successfully induced to breed in the "Zoo" at Oxford adds much interest to the remarkable photographs reproduced on this page. The rat-kangaroos grew so accustomed to the presence of the photographer that he was able to take a series of valuable "close-ups" of a female and its young. The sub-family *Potoroinae* includes many

small kangaroo-like marsupials. An interesting point about them is that their molar teeth decrease in size, backwards—quite contrary to what is the case with the kangaroos proper. *Potoroinae*, or rat-kangaroos, are found in Australia and Tasmania, and are divided into numerous genera. They grow to be about the size of a small rabbit, and before the advent of the fox (as we read in Le Souef's and Burrell's "Wild Animals of Australia") they were extremely numerous.



A YOUNG RAT-KANGAROO PEEPING OUT OF ITS MOTHER'S POUCH: THE MOTHER STANDING UP, WITH HER OUTLINE DISTINCTLY MODIFIED BY THE WEIGHT.

ZULU MAGIC: LOVE CHARM; CATTLE-CURE; CRIMINOLOGY; AND SPELLS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMMANDER A. GATTI, F.R.G.S.



A ZULU WOOGING A HARD-HEARTED MAIDEN: A YOUNG MAN WAITING TO WORK A LOVE-CHARM ON A GIRL—BY FILLING HIS MOUTH WITH WATER IN WHICH SHE HAS BATHED AND SPITTING IT IN HER DIRECTION!

The boy in ambush behind the rock in the left-hand photograph is in love with the girl. In order to win her, as soon as she goes away he will fill his mouth thrice with the water in which she has bathed, and then thrice spit that water in her direction, pronouncing magical words. In the right-hand photograph, is a very well-known witch-doctor, a specialist in healing



A WITCH-DOCTOR HEALING CATTLE BY SPREADING MAGIC HERBS ROUND THEIR ENCLOSURE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HIM IN HIS PROFESSIONAL "DRESS"—SKIN CAP, AND HORNS CONTAINING HERBS AND POWDERS.

cattle. His skin cap is one of the insignia of his profession. The horns he has on his chest contain magic herbs and powders, pieces of skin of dangerous or poisonous animals, hairs of elephant and hippo, pieces of liver of monkeys, leopards, lions, and other strange ingredients. To heal the cattle, the witch-doctor is spreading magic herbs all round the enclosure.



A SPECIALIST "SMELLING OUT" A CRIMINAL: THE WITCH-DOCTOR SEEN BENDING DOWN AS HE LEAPS FROM ONE TO ANOTHER OF THE CHANTING ASSEMBLY OF WARRIORs, IN A STATE OF FRENZY.

To find a criminal, Zulu warriors will gather in a circle in the kraal of a chief or of a witch-doctor. The special smell witch-doctor, helped by the songs of all present, falls into a sort of catalepsy; then, beginning to smell all the warriors one by one, he jumps here and there with extraordinary agility, until he finds the man who is supposed to be guilty. (This ceremony is now



ORDEAL BY BOILING WATER FOR THE SUSPECT WHO HAS BEEN "SMELT OUT": THE WITCH-DOCTOR PLUNGING THE SUSPECT'S HAND INTO A POT, WHERE ITS BEING SCALDED WILL PROVE HIS GUILT.

severely forbidden by the authorities.) The suspect must then pass the ordeal by plunging his right hand in a pot of boiling water. If the hand comes out unburnt, he is innocent; but normally it is scalded, so confirming his guilt. On certain occasions, perhaps, witch-doctors have been induced to protect the accused's hand by ingenious methods—in return for a consideration!



ZULU BLACK MAGIC: A WARRIOR CUTTING A TUFT FROM HIS SLEEPING ENEMY'S HAIR, WHICH HE CAN MAKE USE OF IN CASTING HARMFUL SPELLS ON HIM—BY BOILING IT IN A POT WITH FRAGMENTS OF DANGEROUS ANIMALS AND STRIKING WITH HIS ASSEGAI.

The Zulus are convinced that every spell exercised against something belonging to a person will take effect against that individual. This is especially applicable to nails and hair, which, just for that reason, the Zulu never cuts and throws away, but scrupulously buries. A man is seen here cutting a tuft of hair from the head of his sleeping enemy. Then the hair is put into a



THE SPELL-WORKER USING HIS ASSEGAI ABOUT THE POT IN WHICH THE TUFT CUT FROM HIS ENEMY'S HAIR IS BOILING WITH EVIL POTIONS.

pot, to boil with skins of poisonous snakes, claws of leopards, and parts of other deadly animals; while the man dances round the pot pronouncing magic words in the usual style, directing blows of his assegai above the pot, and shouting, "This is for your heart! This is for your eyes! This is for your liver!" The blows are supposed ultimately to reach the enemy.



CLIMBING ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, AT THE "BACK DOOR" OF CAPE TOWN: NEGOTIATING A PERILOUS OVERHANG—THE LION'S HEAD SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

From time to time we have reproduced for the enlightenment and entertainment of our readers a number of most unusual illustrations depicting the arduous and the splendours of mountaineering—for example, and to take but one recent instance, remarkable photographic trophies of the successful Mount Kamet Expedition appeared in our pages. Here we are concerned with a sphere of mountaineering hitherto little known to European experts—South Africa. Our article and the illustrations on pages 526 and 527 show that climbing in the Cape has both thrills and "sights" to offer; and there is the additional attraction of comparatively new ground to explore.

THE mountaineering in the Cape is as fine and as of a high a standard as that found anywhere else in the world—be it Switzerland, Tyrol, the English Lake District, or the Canadian Rockies. Within a hundred miles of Cape Town there are many fine peaks and magnificent passes, rising amidst most awe-inspiring scenery. But while the prospects they afford are of a grandeur that matches those nearer home and better known to our European guide-books, they also boast beauties peculiar to themselves. During the months of October, November, and December, it is impossible to walk through the mountain "vlaktes" or green plains of the Drakenstein without crushing red and blue disas underfoot; for in this area there grows a wealth of rare and exquisite wild flowers. Mauve and green ixias nod gracefully on their slender stems; while the coral-pink heath stands waist-high in broad splashes of colour on the slopes. In the kloofs and glens the vivid green of the buchu and ferns is set off by the crimson gladioli round the waterfalls; in contrast to the steel-grey rocks and a sky of unchanging blue. The exotic nature of scenes such as these greeting the mountaineer in the Cape is heightened by the troops of baboons and by the numerous leopards that come slinking down to the farms in search of the sheep—so much easier prey than the nimble antelopes, the klipspringers, grysbok, and duikers. Not so many hundreds of years ago these fastnesses were the domain of the Cape bushman, and to-day the climber frequently comes across those gems of primitive art with which this almost ape-like human being decorated his cave, works showing so high artistic sense that one finds it hard to believe Darwin's theories!

Table Mountain itself provides some of the most thrilling rock-climbing in the world; in fact, at the present moment it is a close thing which has claimed more lives, the Matterhorn or Table Mountain. But Table Mountain is only one, and that the smallest, of a host of marvellous peaks close at hand. From the mountaineer's point of view, the most famous of these are Buffels Dome, in the heart of the Hex River Mountains, and Toverkop, at Ladismith, Cape. The only possible routes of ascent of these peaks are extremely difficult ones. In 1904 no one had been on the Dome. Mr. S. G. Hobbs, accompanied by a coloured boy, came

THE ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH AFRICA:

CLIMBING IN THE CAPE; A PURSUIT LACKING NEITHER THRILLS NOR SPLENDOURS.

From Descriptions by H. J. PELLS. (See Pages 526 and 527.)

over to the gap from Milner Ridge Peak. He records his feelings as follows: "For the first time in my life I felt something akin to awe. The portion of the peak beyond the gap consisted of a huge shale slab, much of which had already slid into the yawning chasms below. My boy was palpably scared and seemed to think the col we were on might also start sliding into the abyss, which meant a choice between a flight to the left of a quarter and to the right of half a mile."

Buffels Dome rises out of a wonderful narrow gorge, with sheer precipices for almost four thousand feet on three of its sides, and encircled by a ring of great mountains. On the fourth side, amidst amazing contortions of strata, it is connected by a "knife-edge" of rock to the next peak. A descent has to be made on to this "knife-edge" down a fifty-foot perpendicular face. To land on the narrow ridge, it is necessary to swing free over a gaping void, half a mile deep. It is one of the most sensational climbs at the Cape. The formidable front of the Dome has also been ascended. The great Cape Town cragsman, Mr. Londt, who was killed by a fall while climbing Table Mountain some three years ago, led the party on this occasion. That was in 1921. They had meant to return by the knife-edge, but darkness overtook them before the fifty-foot face could be climbed, and they were forced to spend the night roped together and tied to a boulder to prevent them falling off the edge. Yet Buffels Dome, an adversary worthy of the skill of the finest mountaineers, is only about eighty miles from Cape Town. The story of the conquest of Toverkop, at Ladismith, is even more fascinating. "Toverkop" is an Afrikaans word meaning "The Magic Peak," and is so called because the natives believe it to be the home of witches, ghosts, and evil spirits.

The peak is remarkable for the magnificent citadel of sheer rock which crowns its summit, precipitous crags some five hundred feet high, split asunder by a mighty fissure about twenty feet wide at the bottom and a hundred feet wide at the top. This dome, or "kop," was regarded as unclimbable; party after party being repulsed. An attempt in 1850 was frustrated by a storm which nearly cost some of the members their lives. In 1885, Gustav Nefdt, a young Ladismith farmer of twenty years of age, led a party to the assault.

attempt alone, he set off up the cliffs and reached the col which connects the highest pinnacle to a rocky escarpment on the south. Here, his feet bare, he scaled a face of rock 45 feet high and perfectly sheer.



TABLE MOUNTAIN AS A FIRST-CLASS MOUNTAINEERING FIELD WITHIN THREE WEEKS' VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND: A CLIMBER ON THE FINAL CRAGS NEAR THE TOP.

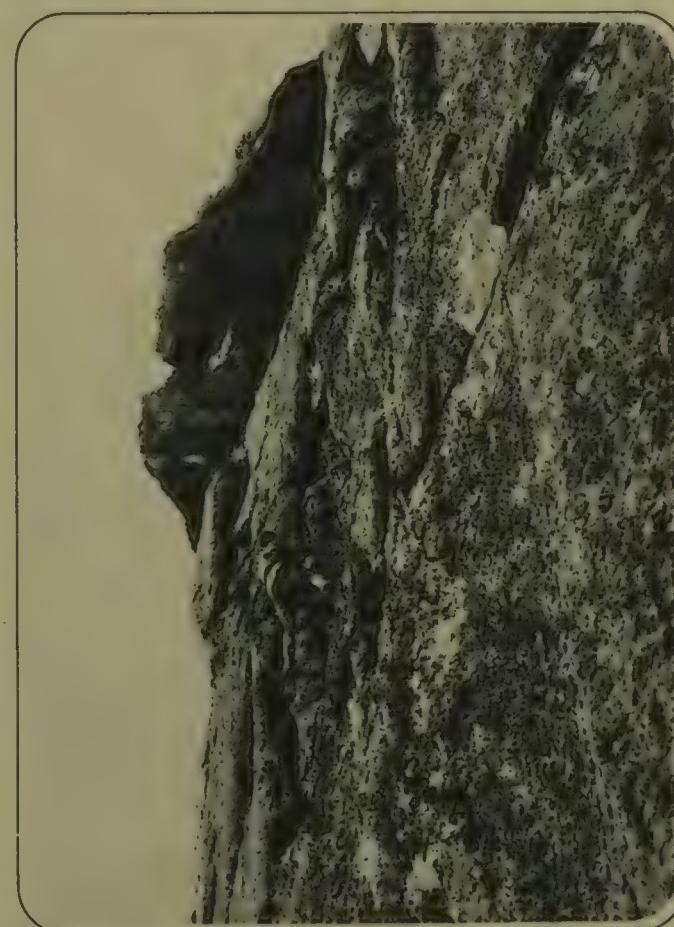
The ascent of this face has not been repeated by any other man to this day. It baffles the finest cragmen of the Cape. From the top of this face cracks, traverses, and ledges brought him to the summit. He left a red sock under a cairn he built on top. The descent was a matter of great difficulty. He practically let himself drop down the last twenty feet. His fingers were badly torn.

Meanwhile his companions had given him up for lost, and had returned to the village. When he reached Ladismith, he found that nobody believed that he had made the ascent. Accordingly, a fortnight later, he repeated the climb in the presence of witnesses. After climbing the difficult face, he let down some string and hauled up a rope, whereby he assisted up two friends, and the trio gained the summit and brought back his red sock.

The peak was not again climbed until twenty-one years had elapsed, when Mr. G. F. Travers-Jackson, A.C., a pioneer Cape mountaineer, reached the summit by his own route on the other side of the split "kop." Jackson's route was subsequently reascended on four separate occasions, and was the only route to the top until 1830, when two exceptionally severe new routes were opened up by a party consisting of F. Berrisford, A. Bray, and the writer. Nefdt's route has been used in descent by the aid of fixed ropes.

In the winter all these peaks are covered with snow; excellent skiing fields of several miles in extent are to be found on the gently undulating tops of some of them in July, August, and September. Last winter some hardy climbers found that very extensive fields of deep snow lie on the plateau summit of Fonteintjesberg, at a height of 6500 feet, near Cape Town. A motor-road was built into the kloof, and a bridle track made to the summit, where a chalet was erected. Now enthusiasts have skiing every week-end during the winter. Skis were used for the first time in South Africa last winter: this year many hundreds of people participated in the sport.

Tramping and camping, with its many joys, can be indulged in to the full at the Cape. It possesses a never-ending variety of glens, valleys, river-beaches, and natural beauty spots to attract the camper and delight the lover of the open-air life. The climate of the Cape is Mediterranean. During the spring, summer, and autumn months it seldom rains. There is water in abundance and wood in plenty. There are vast areas of enchanting beauty, where one can roam at will and pitch one's tent where one likes.



STIFF MOUNTAINEERING WORK ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, THE CLIMBS ON WHICH WERE UNTRYED BY EUROPEAN EXPERTS UNTIL RECENTLY: WORKING UP THE ARROW FACE.

They ascended to within 1200 feet of the summit, and camped for the night. Nefdt rose before dawn, and, thinking that it would be a fine thing to make the

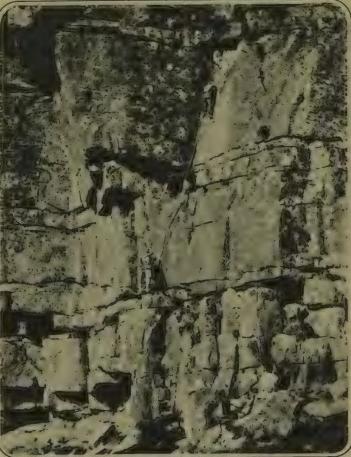
CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN OF THE CHALLENGING HEIGHTS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN:

A SINGULAR incident recently drew particular attention to the formidable adversaries awaiting European mountaineers in South Africa. A young mountaineer named Boetie August, who, with a friend, had set out to climb the western face of the Devil's Peak Mountain (some thirty-six miles from Cape Town), lost his way and got into difficulties. His companion was killed as a result of missing his footing and falling down a deep gorge; but August remained precariously perched on a ledge of rock above the spot at which the disaster occurred, at the mercy of hunger, thirst, and cold. Though able to speak to August, a party of rescuers were unable to reach him or pass food to him. Eventually, however, some climbers, after hours of arduous work in mist and rain, reached a point fifteen feet below the rock on which August was isolated, overhanging the gorge 500 feet deep. Desperately he clung to August while a rock face as slippery as glass, and providing no handholds. Then a special party of expert mountaineers were summoned from Cape Town.

(Continued opposite.)



A CLIMBER MANEUVRING AT A DIZZY HEIGHT ON SILVERSTREAM CORNER, ON TABLE MOUNTAIN: A PERCH PERILOUS; WITH AN EAGLE'S VIEW OF CAPE TOWN ROADS AND TABLE BAY IN THE HAZY DISTANCE.



CLIMBING SILVERSTREAM CORNER: A CRITICAL MOMENT AT "THE MOST DIFFICULT SPOT OF THE MOST DIFFICULT SECTION OF ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT CLIMBS ON TABLE MOUNTAIN."

TABLE-CLOTH: CAPE TOWN THRILLS. A SOUTH AFRICAN CALL TO ADVENTURE.

[Continued.] August finally succeeded in scaling the face of the rock and bringing August down the mountain-side. In an article on the previous page—written from descriptions supplied by Mr. H. J. Pells (himself a mountaineer, and the take-off of one of the photos reproduced here)—the writer gives his opinion that "mountaineering in the Cape is as fine and as of high a quality as that found anywhere else in the world—be it Switzerland, Tyrol, the English Lake District, or the Canadian Rockies." Table Mountain, he says, itself provides some of the most thrilling rock-climbing in the world, and at the moment it is a close thing as to whether the Matterhorn or Table Mountain has claimed more climbers. On the latter, Mr. Pells writes: "The berg towers up in solemn grandeur, lifting the soul above all earthly pettiness, truly, as Drake said, the fairest cape in the whole circumference of the globe. Table Mountain, of course, is famous for its 'table cloth,' the whitish-grey cloud which covers its summit frequently, and especially when the south-east wind blows.



A SENSATIONAL TRAVERSE ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, OVERLOOKING CAMPS BAY: A SITUATION THAT WOULD TURN THE HEAD OF ALL BUT THE HARDEST; BUT TYPICAL OF THE MOUNTAINEERING THRILLS SOUTH AFRICA OFFERS.



A CLIMBER ON HIS EXIGUOUS PERCH ON COLUMNAR FACE, TABLE MOUNTAIN: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A ROPE MOUNTAINEER CLINGING TO A PRECIPICE AT A DIZZY HEIGHT.



A GRAPHIC MOUNTAINEERING SNAPSHOT OF A CLIMBER GETTING A HOLD FOR HIS KNEE WHILE THE ROPE VIBRATES IN THE AIR: NEGOTIATING THE OVERHANG OF THE VALKEN BUTTRESS, TABLE MOUNTAIN.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 6 REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF



A CLIMBING INCIDENT ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, WHERE THERE ARE SITUATIONS CALCULATED TO TAX THE SKILL OF THE GREATEST EXPERTS: PERILOUS OPERATIONS ON A ROCKY SNOT AT YELLOWSTONE CORNER.

K. F. HOWES-HOWELL: NO. 7 BY COURTESY OF J. M. MARCUS.

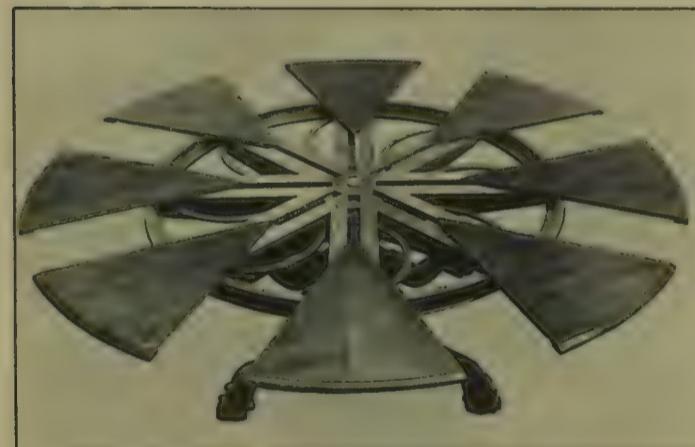


"DON'T LOOK DOWN!"—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LANDSCAPE BELOW TRAVERSE CORNER, ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, WHERE A CLIMBER IS STANDING ON A NARROW LEDGE, EYING THE PROBLEM BEFORE HIM.



THIS work—issued in three well-bound volumes, for convenience in handling—consists almost entirely of illustrations, with the shortest of descriptions beneath each. It is rather modestly described as a catalogue—in actual fact, the proprietors would not be guilty of exaggeration if they published it as an encyclopaedia.

I last saw its contents about a year ago, when they consisted solely of an enormous pile of photographic prints. With this inchoate mass as a basis, I was asked to write a short introduction: since then about three thousand illustrations have been shuffled and drilled into something like chronological order, and the whole work has been rendered doubly valuable by a carefully compiled Index, first of articles, periods, or styles, and secondly, of former owners or sources of origin. The result of the care and time expended on this review of the decorative arts during the centuries is a publication which, for many years to come, will be consulted frequently by all engaged in the collecting or disposal of the better sort of old furniture; and the well-known firm whose stock is thus worthily illustrated has



2. JOHNSON AND JEAYNES'S PATENT EXPANDING CIRCULAR DINING-TABLE: PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE TABLE IN ITS SMALLER SHAPE (ABOVE); AND WITH THE WEDGE-SHAPED SECTIONS OF THE TOP PULLED OUT, SO THAT EXTRA LEAVES CAN BE INSERTED BETWEEN THEM.

This remarkable mahogany table dates from about 1830. There are sixteen extra wedge-shaped leaves.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.

every reason for self-congratulation in issuing so imposing a monument to its own energy and capacity for taking infinite pains.

The business of a reviewer of this sort of publication is simple enough. There are no theories to be argued, no heresies to be denounced: all he can do is to look out for obvious inaccuracies, and take care that his readers have their attention drawn to especially interesting items. There are no obvious inaccuracies—indeed, the most careful search has failed to find any inaccuracy at all, unless it be

"A Catalogue and Index of Old Furniture and Works of Decorative Art from Late Sixteenth Century to Early Nineteenth Century." In Three Parts. Published by M. Harris and Sons, 44-52, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Price 36s.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE HARRIS "CATALOGUE AND INDEX OF OLD FURNITURE."*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

counted a fault to call a French writing-table "Régence," and to date it 1740; but I take this to mean that this piece is an example of Regency style persisting under Louis XV. An isolated breast-plate and a school Reynolds seem hardly worth including, nor are one or two of the few pieces of Chinese porcelain—in other words, three or four items out of three thousand seem to me out of place, not because there is anything wrong with them, but because they give one the impression of having strayed by mistake into so fine a collection of furniture. In a few cases there is room for a difference of opinion as to date, but, as no one can be expected to agree about the dating of some types of furniture to within ten or twenty years, this merely makes the book more interesting.

The collection is, in the nature of things, stronger in eighteenth-century pieces than in earlier examples. Two sets of chairs from Hauteville House, Guernsey, are of peculiar interest, because the original account sent in by the makers is illustrated. The upholsters are Geo. Seddon, Sons, and Shackleton, who apparently had one of their workshops upon part of the site now occupied by the premises of M. Harris and Sons.

This account is dated 1790, and its details are revealing. Twenty-six mahogany chairs, with open shield backs and carved triple splats, cost £52—four of the chairs are illustrated on page 389 of the catalogue—and a set of eighteen satinwood elbow chairs with caned seats, neatly japanned and ornamented with roses, came to £66 3s. Here is material for the collector first of all, and after him for the student of economics. These chairs are beautifully made, and if they were sold at a profit—as undoubtedly they were—how long did they take to carve and fit together, and what was the pay of the workman? And was that workman, with his few shillings a week, his long hours, and his skilful hands, so immeasurably worse off than a modern machine-minder?

In addition to the more usual and graceful pieces—which are present in their hundreds—there are several examples of old furniture which conform to no known pattern. The writing- or drawing-table of Fig. 3 is an amusing instance. I take it that this piece was a "made-to-measure" order for an architect of very definite views as to what he wanted. It breaks

all the rules, and makes no pretence that it is trying to keep them. Another oddity is the table of Fig. 2—Johnson and Jeaynes's patent—a mahogany circular table of 1830 which, by the insertion of sixteen extra wedge-shaped leaves, can be expanded to aldermanic proportions—an ingenious, if cumbersome, notion which no doubt thrilled our ancestors.

One can turn these pages at random and find a series of unusually important, as distinct from good but ordinary, examples. Such a thing is the rare mahogany cabinet of drawers on a stand, carved with a key pattern, festoons of flowers, and foliage,

and shaped legs with lion-paw feet. The companion cabinet is illustrated in Macquoid's "Age of Mahogany." Not less important of its kind is a twelve-fold incised lacquer screen dated 1663, 7 ft. 10 in. in height, which lends itself admirably to illustration in colour. (There are, by the way, eight colour-plates distributed through the three volumes. That of a fine William and Mary walnut chair, with a marvellous "jardinière" velvet covering, is particularly effective, and would show to even better advantage if the greenish-yellow of the background had been eliminated.)

Another very rare piece is a George I. walnut bureau—an example in two parts, the lower with carved borders, claw feet, and aprons round the base. This will not be everyone's personal liking, but it is a piece full of character, and marks an interesting stage when popular taste had not quite forgotten either the extravagances of Continental practice or the sober solidity of Queen Anne, and had not yet evolved the more definite style which begins to mark the years 1730-35.

But a review of a catalogue is in danger of itself becoming a catalogue, irrespective of the space at one's disposal. There is a William and Mary marqueterie cabinet in walnut, sycamore, holly, and ebony . . . but, no, this has got to stop somewhere, or there will be no room for illustrations. I should add, perhaps, that the second Index—that of former owners—seems to contain most of the best-known names in England—including, I notice at the last moment, that of Thomas Gainsborough, who is said once to have owned the interesting chair of Fig. 1. This is in mahogany, with carved and shaped borders, arms, and legs.



I. A CHAIR REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY GAINSBOROUGH FOR HIS SITTERS WHEN HE WAS PAINTING PORTRAITS: A CHIPPENDALE PIECE IN MAHOGANY; WITH THE ORIGINAL FLORAL NEEDLEWORK COVERING TO THE SEAT AND THE BACK. (C. 1760.)
Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.



3. A RARE OLD ENGLISH WRITING- OR DRAWING-TABLE: A UNIQUE CHIPPENDALE PIECE PROBABLY MADE TO THE MEASURE OF AN ARCHITECT.

This is Chippendale of about 1770. As can be seen, it has a secretaire drawer and a shelf below. It has pierced fret brackets to the square legs and to the small flaps at the sides.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE R.A.C. Motor Rally to Torquay proved a good advertisement for the fluid flywheel and pre-selector gear transmission system. A Lanchester and Daimler were first and second, both with fluid flywheels; a Riley with a hydraulic clutch, third; a 20-h.p. fluid flywheel Armstrong-Siddeley sports saloon, fourth; with another similar flywheel Armstrong-Siddeley, sixth; and a hydraulic clutch Invicta, fifth. As I was one of the four drivers in the 20-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley sports saloon which finished fourth in this 1000 miles' tour round England, I had an exceptional opportunity of forming an opinion of this new 1932 model. In actual mileage, our distance was 1077 miles, in place of the 1002½ miles which the official programme gave as the distance from London to Torquay, via Harrogate, Edinburgh, Buxton, and Cambridge, the official route to be taken, with controls at each of these places. The official pace to be travelled was set down at 25 miles an hour. Actually, we covered the increased distance at an average speed of 36½ miles per hour running time. This speed gave us 10½ hours for stops for rest and refreshment, including refilling the petrol-tank as needed. To attain this high average speed, this 20-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley sports saloon was driven hard and as near 60 miles an hour as was possible all the time, and at one stage, between Cambridge and London, covered 67 miles in 1 hour 10 min., or nearly an average speed of a mile a minute. On that run, the speedometer touched 80 miles an hour on a downgrade road.

But, excellently as the car ran and showed its capabilities for high-speed touring, its riding comfort at all speeds was the most pleasing feature. The rear seats were the most comfortable and free from road shocks of any car that I have ridden in. Yet the shock-absorbers and springs, like the rest of the car, were just the ordinary standard fittings. Pneumatic upholstery certainly gives the right type of cushions for long-distance travelling by road, especially if it is continuous, as this Rally run was, for two days and nights. Another excellent feature of the 20-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car is the brakes. These servo four-wheel brakes pulled the car up in almost unbelievably short distances. In the slow-running test on top gear, when the car was driven over 100 yards, the official time taken to cover that distance was 3 min. 36·6 secs. but in practice beforehand the fluid flywheel had allowed the driver to cover 100 yards in double that time. It accelerated from a standstill for 100 yards in 9·2 secs., and when the brakes were put hard on at the end of that 100 yards, the car came to a standstill in 13 ft. 10 in.

At the moment the brakes were applied, the speedometer showed about 30 miles an hour, so that the deceleration was wonderful. Further, the car kept quite straight on its course when so violently braked. We were placed fourth in the Rally itself, winning a silver cup and £5 cash prize, and also second prize in the sports saloon class for cars over 1100 c.c. in the coachwork competition, both awards well deserved by the car's excellent performance on the road. No marks were lost for blemishes or for other causes, so that full points were obtained. I can testify that the car handles easily and without fatiguing the driver, as the easy-change pre-selector gear-box, and the light but positive steering, with good castor action, reduce the physical effort of the driver to a minimum.

Rover's New "Pilot" Cars.

The Rover Company invited their agents and distributors to Coven-try recently to see the new "Pilot" six-cylinder 12-h.p. Rover models and a de luxe novelty in saloons carried on an improved Rover "Ten" four-cylinder engine chassis. As I attended this function, and had short runs on both a "Pilot" and the improved "Ten," it was possible to form an opinion as to their respective merits. The engine of the "Ten" runs smoothly enough, but, as it has to turn at a fairly high rate of revolutions per minute, it remains in the "buzz-buzz" class of motors as far as the power unit is concerned. And such a description is really a compliment to its designer in making it turn over at such high rates. The Rover de luxe "Ten" saloon is truly a full-sized comfort-giving carriage. A dividing-arm between the rear seats adds to those passengers' comfort, the leg-room is ample for the tallest of passengers, and the front seats are adjustable and well upholstered with leather throughout. The chassis has been strengthened, and the dummy radiator-shutters give a large-car appearance to this model. Moreover, it is quite fast—capable of sixty miles an hour—and the brakes are good. The price is £225, including bumpers, sliding-roof, and many luxury fittings. For £20 more you can buy a 12-h.p. "Pilot" six-cylinder Rover saloon, and it is a really good car. I know the £13 tax and about the same figure for full insurance is about £6 per annum more than you may have to pay for the "Ten," but, if you can afford to own a car at all, buyers should certainly pick a Rover "Pilot." These 12-h.p. (nominal) "Pilot" cars have servo brakes and greatly improved coachwork. Call in and see them at any of the various distributors' show-rooms, as the roller rubber silent stops for the doors are alone worth a visit, to see how these Rover cars are provided with non-squeaking or non-rattling coachwork. As the directors informed the visitors that their financial crisis was now overcome, and the board were full of optimism for the future prosperity

of the company, I quite understand their enthusiasm, as the new six-cylinder "Pilot" "Twelve" Rovers should bring back Rover cars to the height of fame of the old Clegg-designed Rover "Twelve" four-cylinder car before the war.

Maidstone's Motor Vehicle Show.

I drove down to Maidstone to see the annual exhibition of British motor-cars staged in the big garage-hall adjoining Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., show-rooms in that ancient town. There were about a hundred vehicles on view, including commercial goods vehicles and coaches on Commer chassis. One always picks up new ideas at motor exhibitions, even if one has seen most of the chassis before. My prize in ideas at this show was a new type of agricultural wagon. It was a wagon which could be converted into a two-decker, so that a farmer could carry sheep or pigs when in its double-decker form, or high loads of farm produce on its single deck. Rootes, Ltd. are full of useful ideas, and I think this one will be much appreciated by the farming community, who must get the most work out of their motor-vehicles. This double-purpose wagon should therefore appeal to agriculturists in all parts of the world. As might be expected in this Easter exhibition of motors, there was a wide range of coachwork styles displayed on the new 10-h.p. Hillman "Minx" chassis. The prices ranged from the family saloon, costing £159 on the Hillman "Minx," to over £1000 for the Humber Pullman limousines and other high-class carriages. The Hillman "Wizard" and Eccles caravan of Monte Carlo and Torquay Rally fame was there on show, and helped to encourage several purchasers to buy outfits of this travelling bungalow character for their holiday home this summer. And, if you are fit and well, I do not know a more healthy or more economical way of taking a holiday.

Of the leading brands of champagne popular with the connoisseur in this country, there is none more eagerly sought than Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." A high-class wine at a moderate price, it has captured the taste of the discriminating public by sheer merit, and is now in great request at the fashionable restaurants of the West End. Though entertaining at the present moment is on a smaller scale than in normal years, there has been but little diminution in the patronage accorded Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." At public and private receptions, balls, dinners, weddings, race meetings, and social functions of every description, its popularity has been most marked. A dry champagne of rare elegance and bouquet, this "Special Cuvée" has been voted by many good judges to be fully the equal of other brands' vintage wines.

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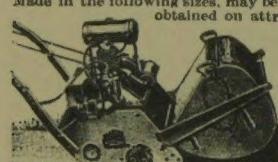
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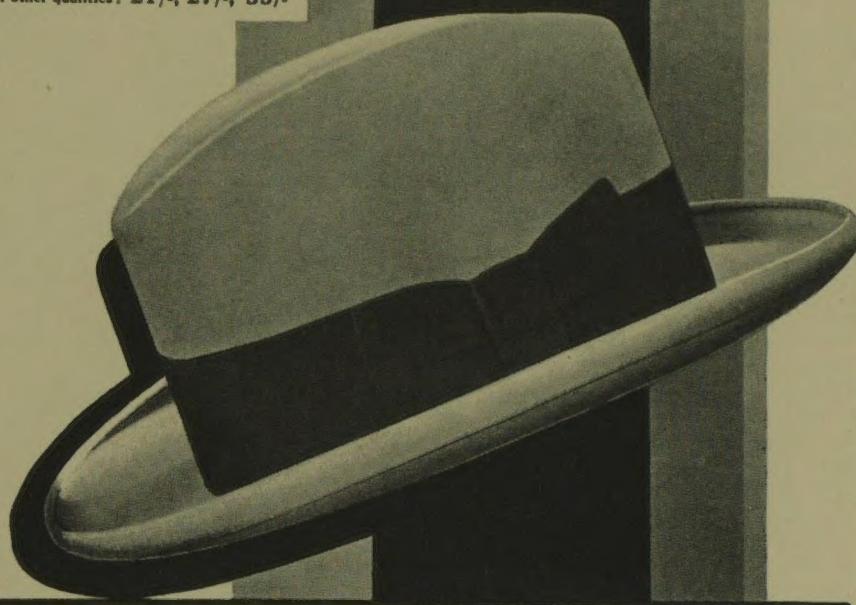
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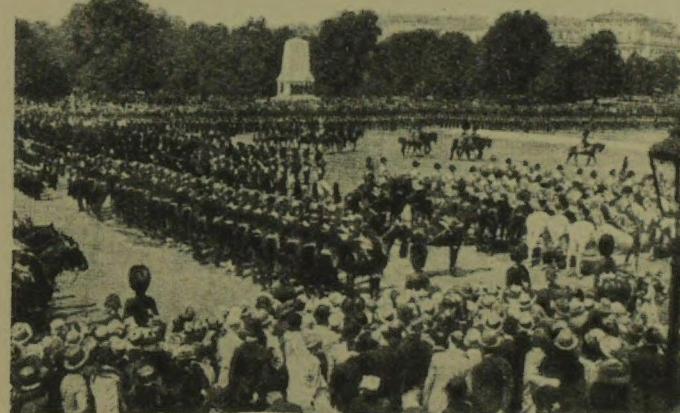
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

DELIUS'S NEW WORK.

THE last Courtauld-Sargent concert was devoted to the performance of English music as represented by Elgar and Delius. The chief item on the programme was Delius's latest work, a setting for choir and orchestra of Walt Whitman's "Songs of Farewell." Mrs. Samuel Courtauld before her death had secured the rights of the world's first performance of the "Songs of Farewell," which Delius composed in 1930, and it is sad to think that she did not live to hear it. The new choral work is thoroughly characteristic of the composer, who is, however, somewhat more concise in his treatment than usual. There is all the usual lingering sweetness of Delius's choral writing, which is admirably suited to such words as—

How sweet the silent backward tracings!
The wanderings as in dreams—the meditations of old times

Resumed—their loves, joys, persons, voyages.
Apple orchards, the trees all cover'd with blossoms;
Wheat fields carpeted far and near in vital emerald green;
The eternal exhaustless freshness of each early morning,
The yellow, golden, transparent haze of the warm afternoon sun,
The aspiring lilac bushes with profuse purple or white flowers.

Delius has always been partial to Walt Whitman among the poets for texts for his choral works, and there is undoubtedly a certain affinity between the long, irregular rhythms of Walt Whitman's verse and the rhythmic structure of Delius's own music. It has always seemed to me, however, that there is a slightly relaxed and devitalised pulse in Delius's music from which the poet is freer. And Walt Whitman, in lines which may seem, and sometimes are, prosy, will suddenly light up his verse with rare and striking epithets and images. This quality is rather lacking in Delius's music, which is apt to moulder along deliciously but monotonously. On the other hand, Delius treats the voices with great skill, and his sequences of shifting harmonies are often delightful. Of the present five "Songs of Farewell," I

think Numbers I., II., and V. are the most successful; Number II. being preceded by a delightful orchestral section in which the 'cellos and horns are used very attractively. The finale is also effective, with its last dying hush on the word "depart" repeated—

Depart upon thy endless cruise, old sailor.

The Philharmonic Choir sang beautifully. It is really always a pleasure to hear this admirably trained choir.

DR. SARGENT AND ELGAR.

The rest of the programme, apart from Delius's 'cello concerto, played by Beatrice Harrison, consisted of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and his orchestral setting of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in C minor. Dr. Sargent took many of the Variations much too fast for his orchestra, with the result that the intended effects did not always come off. The playing in the Bach was also very ragged. Such an orchestral transcript needs the highest virtuosity to make it enjoyable, for without this, how can one get pleasure from listening to an orchestra failing to do cleanly what was written for a solo organist. The effort is mountainous and the effect minuscule, and, although Elgar's orchestration is clever, we get the impression of its being both ponderous and superfluous.

BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS.

Several new ballets have been produced lately by the Old Vic Ballet Company at Sadler's Wells Theatre. The latest is a setting of Elgar's "Nursery Suite," arranged by Miss Ninette de Valois. The dances do not always match the music well, but this ballet has attractive passages. In the same programme are Fokine's famous setting of Chopin's "Les Sylphides," which is splendidly danced with Anton Dolin and Alice Markova as principals, and another English ballet, Vaughan-Williams's "Job," in which Mr. Dolin gives a very fine performance. The orchestra is conducted by Mr. Constant Lambert, and this ballet season at Sadler's Wells is one of the most attractive productions to be seen in London at present. It is to be hoped that Sadler's Wells Theatre will make a

name for itself for opera and ballet, as the Old Vic did for its Shakespearean productions. A recent production of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" ("A Masked Ball") in English was most enjoyable, and perhaps we may find the Sadler's Wells Theatre giving us all sorts of novelties in the future that we may see no hope of hearing elsewhere in London.

W. J. TURNER.

At their biennial meeting at Washington last year, the International Chamber of Commerce decided to establish an International Committee on "Distribution," which they have defined as "covering the various activities and processes involved between the production of goods in final form for use and their delivery to and acceptance by consumers." This country was invited to nominate a Chairman of this important committee, and the British Branch of the International Chamber have invited Sir Francis Goodenough (and he has agreed) to accept the post. This selection for the chairmanship of the committee dealing internationally with the whole field of marketing is a natural sequel to his work as Chairman of the Government Committee on "Education for Salesmanship." It is also an interesting prelude to the holding in London, in the last week of July next, of the fifth triennial International Conference on Commercial Education, because Sir Francis, as Chairman of the British Association for Commercial Education, is responsible for the organising of that Conference. The Conference, which will be presided over by Sir David Milne-Watson, has been accorded the strongest possible support alike by the Government, by the leading educational authorities, by representatives of the Dominions and Colonies, and by a large number of representative leaders of industry and commerce. Moreover, it has been fortunate in securing the support of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has agreed to become Royal Patron and to address the Conference at its concluding session on July 29.

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| PLUCK | DINNER! |
| SELF-HELP | WOGGLES |
| FOOLHARDINESS II. | KEEPS "CAVE." |
| ENDURANCE | WOGGLES IS TAUGHT |
| "SHINGLED, BY GAD!" | FLIP-FLOPPERY. |
| BABY'S OUT! | "I EXPECT THEY'LL |
| THE LAST STRAW | THINK IT'S ME!" |
| WOGGLES'S FIRST | WELL, THAT'S |
| MOUSE | THE LIMIT! |
| 'FOLLOWING IN | WOGGLES AND FLIP- |
| FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS' | FLOP FIND THE |
| GRAND SPORT! | IDEAL HOME! |
| "SOMEHOW I DON'T | EMERGENCY |
| FEEL HUNGRY." | EXIT ONLY! |
| IT'S LUCKY WOGGLES | |
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